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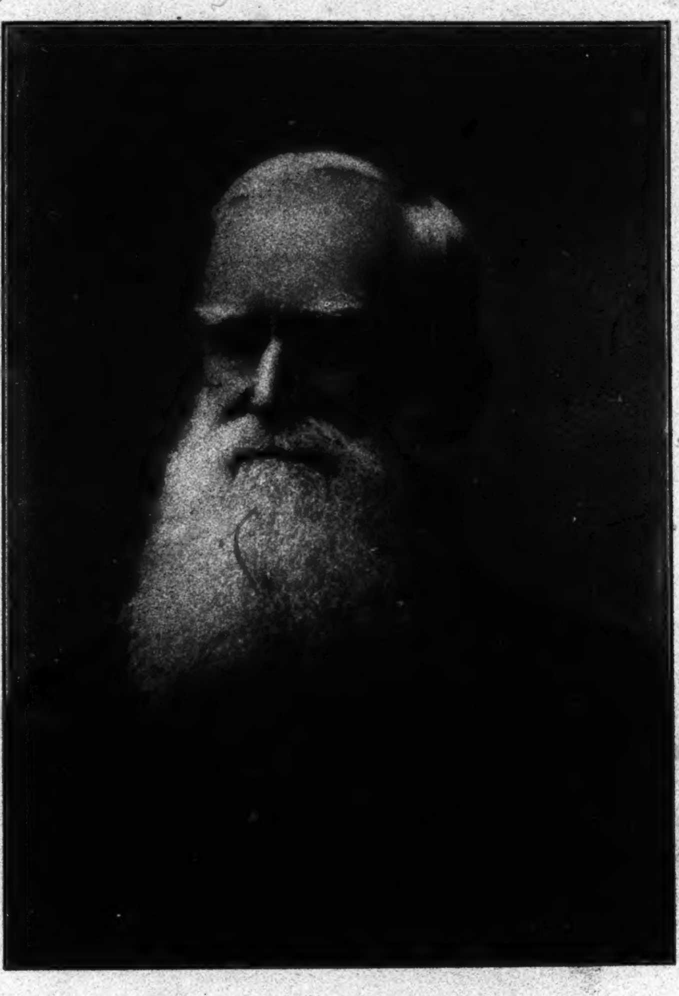
REMINISCENCES
BY REV. JOHN TODD



Most respectfully
John Todd

EARLY SETTLEMENT AND GROWTH OF WESTERN IOWA

OR

REMINISCENCES

BY

REV. JOHN TODD

OF TABOR, IOWA

DES MOINES
THE HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT OF IOWA
1906

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PREFACE

THE writer of the following pages was enjoying the well-earned leisure of his closing years, when some who had heard by the fireside and in social gathering his vivid recollections of early days, suggested that he should put his reminiscences into more permanent form.

Consequently the material herewith presented appeared in *"The Tabor Beacon,"* the weekly paper of his home town, in 1891. This naturally led to verification, corrections and additions, which added much to the value of the work. The revision was carefully made by my father and the following is the result. He corresponded with some publishing houses to learn the cost of publication, but hesitated, partly from characteristic modesty, I believe, to undertake the work.

After his death in 1894, his children thought to publish the work with a sketch of his life, but hitherto a favorable opportunity has not presented itself.

Very little change has been made in the manuscript since it left the hands of the author. Some of the original chapters have been combined so that the whole number has been considerably reduced. The order has not been changed and only a few repetitions have been omitted.

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These Reminiscences derive their special value from several facts. They are the experiences and observations of one, who, by his varied occupation of pioneer, teacher and pastor, was brought into intimate relations with many in all walks of life, and one who uniformly gained their respect and confidence. By his education and wide reading he added to his own personal experiences and was enabled to correctly discriminate and value the facts coming to his knowledge from others. His acquaintance extended over forty years and spread over all of western Iowa, and parts of adjacent states. These years were years of rapid growth in a naturally rich country, and glimpses of the extent of improvement come to us very forcibly as we read some of the early incidents and contrast them with present conditions.

Moreover, this development was at an eventful period of our nation, the time of the Anti-Slavery Struggle, including " the Kansas troubles " and the Civil War. No other town outside of Kansas had more to do with the " Free-state struggle " than did Tabor, Iowa. Its location also made it a prominent station on the " Underground Railroad," and consequently a special object of suspicion and hatred to all pro-slavery men in Missouri and the vicinity. Incidents connected with these subjects will doubtless wake the widest interest.

The term "Reminiscences" in our title is used advisedly. They are strictly records of events recalled with rarely any reflections thereon.

The frequency of personal names which naturally grew out of its first publication in a local paper, may seem to some undesirable, but to others this very fact will present an added charm. It will be a satisfaction to know that such a relative or friend participated in such or such an incident, which now possesses historic value.

The mythical tendency is strong in the early stages of a country as well as in primitive conditions of society. Certain incidents and characters become distorted by imperfections of memory and of statement, till both the good and the bad are greatly exaggerated. He, therefore, who gives a clear and "unvarnished tale" renders a substantial contribution to history and to truth, which is of value to everyone.

J. E. T.

Vermilion, S. D., April 27, 1905

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF REV. JOHN TODD, OF TABOR, IOWA,

BY HIS ELDEST SON, PROF. J. E. TODD

Ancestry and Early Life

John Todd, the second son and fifth child of Capt. James Todd and Sally Ainsworth Todd, was born November 10, 1818, in West Hanover, Dauphin county, Pennsylvania.

His father, named James, was son of James the son of James, who came from the north of Ireland and founded the family on the then frontier of Pennsylvania, which later went west to Ohio and Illinois. His father, Hugh, soon joined him, and also a brother who, becoming dissatisfied, moved on to Kentucky, and is supposed to be the ancestor of the numerous family of that State and Missouri.

The race was frugal, thrifty, and religious. The Presbyterian stone church in which the family worshiped was standing in 1870, though it had been deserted for several years and was much dilapidated.

Every generation has been well represented in the ministry of the Presbyterian and Congregational churches.

His father, James Todd, was universally respected, was captain of a company of infantry in the defense of Baltimore in 1814. Though of moderate education he had a sincere love for knowledge and withal a readiness to welcome new ideas—in short, was ready to render sympathetic assistance to all reasonable reforms. He was one of the first to banish whiskey from the harvest field, and to espouse the anti-slavery cause. Though a staunch supporter of the Presbyterian church he early recognized the force of the New School views. He, therefore, became interested in the principles of the colony and college just starting at Oberlin, Ohio. In September, 1835, he sent his son John there, who pursued his studies eagerly, receiving the degree of A. B. in 1841, and finishing the theological course in 1844. Most of the time he had the companionship of his younger brother, David, who was two years behind him. He was there in the early, exciting days of frontier life, self support, the beginning of coeducation, anti-slavery agitation, and of revolts against hyper-Calvinism. Nothing could have promoted more the cultivation of clear, independent thinking, combined with most unselfish and courageous devotion to truth and to liberty, both civil and religious. In a paper which he was invited to read at the Jubilee of Oberlin in 1883, on "The Early Home Missionary," he testifies: "Without at all disparaging the wholesome influence of godly parents, I may truly say that whatever of aid I have been able to render in the cause of the Master, I owe, under God, to Oberlin."

From a journal which he kept in 1892-94 it appears how deeply he drank of the Oberlin spirit of those days, and how consecrated was the heart with which he taught and preached during vacations at North Amherst and New Baltimore in those years.

After graduating from theology he became pastor of the Congregational church at Clarksfield, Ohio, a small country town in an adjoining county. He was ordained August 15, 1844, and September 10th following he was wedded to one whose affections he had won in college days, belonging to the class of '43, Miss Martha Atkins, A. B., ninth daughter of Judge Q. F. Atkins, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Endowed with excellent physique, a thorough education, a beautiful voice, a devoted spirit, fully sympathizing in the convictions and unselfish aims of her husband, she should be credited with a full share of his successes. The hardships of pioneer life, the sacrifices for church and college, the burdens of a family of seven children, six attaining maturity, most of whom were given a college education, the peculiar burdens of a pastor's wife, which she patiently and bravely bore, need only to be mentioned to indicate how great and grand was the work she wrought in her forty-four years of married life. Afflicted with epilepsy for several years before her death, she fell asleep July 20, 1888.

Near Oberlin lived a young farmer, George B. Gaston, who with true missionary spirit had sought and obtained a commission under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions among the Pawnee Indians in what is now Nance county, Nebraska. Four years' work among them acquainted him with the wonderful natural resources of the Middle West, and with a Christian statesman's prophetic vision he saw something of the future possibilities of the region. Forced by his wife's ill health to return home to Ohio, he became more acquainted with the early history of Oberlin, and drinking deeply of the consecrated spirit of its early founders, he conceived the plan of planting a similar colony and college on virgin land in the Missouri Valley.

Meanwhile, his sister Elvira and her husband, Mr. Lester W. Platt, who had been with him among the Pawnees, had located on the broad, fertile plain of the Missouri River near where the little town of Percival, Iowa, now stands. I know not the links in the chain of events which led Deacon George B. Gaston to choose and persuade Rev. John Todd to join him in his enterprise as pastor and educated leader of the colony. But

I do know that their mutual admiration and friendship were strong and unbroken to the end. This strong bond was born of their being largely complements of one another in temperament and education, and was nourished by their common interest in Christian education and the kingdom of God.

Pioneer Work

Of the long journey to Iowa in 1848 with Deacon Hall, the choice of location and the return to Ohio, the moving to Iowa, the difficulties of the first location, the founding of Tabor, Iowa, with many other events for many years, little need be said here. They are fully treated in the Reminiscences.

It will be more in place briefly to speak of them, if at all, from a more external and later point of view, and for this quotations have been quite freely taken from remarks made by different friends who spoke at the memorial exercises attending his funeral.

The choice of the location near Percival was most natural. To those inexperienced in the great differences between different years in the interior, and much impressed by the nearness of the "Great American Desert" of those days, what could have been more wise than to choose the fertile bottom lands by the great Missouri, which they thought would ever be their main channel of communication with the rest of the world? The floods of the following seasons were a damper on their enthusiasm in more ways than one.

The choice of Tabor, though relieving their immediate need, withdrew the colony from lines of traffic and made the place more difficult of access. This, in time, became a great drawback to the purpose of the colony, though it may have at first promoted it.

As a pioneer he was naturally well equipped. His first experience was at Oberlin. The training there stimulated and perfected frugality, courage, endurance, and resourcefulness. The simple life was taught as a Christian duty, and the artificial and conventional, though not scorned, were put in the back-ground. Hardship and privation were expected, and were not avoided, but were rather rejoiced in as adding to the zest of life. He was a pioneer of pioneers, coming earlier than most. The nearest store was twenty miles away, and the nearest grist mill further. Hulled corn was long the main diet. Wheat bread was for months a rare article. Houses were sometimes built without shingles, boards, or nails.

After the home at Tabor was temporarily broken by the death of his wife, he again spent a few months on a homestead with his unmarried daughter, near Drakola, Kingsbury county, South

Dakota, in the summer of 1889. As an example of his venturesomeness, ingenuity, and perseverance, he dug and walled a well about 12 feet deep without help.

Trained upon a farm in early life and paid but meagerly by his parishioners at first, like Paul he labored with his own hands for his support. He cultivated for many years several acres of ground, kept cattle and horses, kept a timber lot from which he got his own fuel. His faithful partner shared with him in these labors and cares. Early rising was a rule of the family. Habits of ease or indolence were not permitted to grow. Economy, industry, and frugality were early instilled in all the children.

His Ministry

As a preacher he was successful above many. This is attested by his having in his thirty-eight years of active service but two charges,—first at Clarksfield, six years, which place he left regretted by all, to go with the new colony to Iowa. The Civil Bend or Gaston church virtually followed their pastor to Tabor, where he was the active pastor for more than thirty years. His brief work as a chaplain was with some of his Tabor men, and was only very temporary. His preaching was like that of many others trained under President Finney. It was conversational rather than oratorical, though it not infrequently rose to such heights of earnestness as to become truly eloquent. His vocabulary was large, but the words were mainly simple and well-chosen, not ornate. His style was logical rather than rhetorical, was argumentative rather than positive, concrete rather than abstract. His appeal was to the reason and intelligent conviction rather than to preference or to feeling. Even in deep solemnity, over-excitement and rash decision were carefully guarded against, as also the allowing of noble purposes to fade away in mere sentiment. Mere enthusiasm and extravagant statements were so lacking in his own language and manner that some demonstrative and over-sanguine people overlooked the constant fire of zealous purpose, which was an unfailing inspiration to him. Nor was he without that elevation of feeling which enabled him to rise equal to a special occasion. Impassioned language when used by him meant more than from many. His voice was not strong nor rich, but was usually clear and agreeably modulated. At one time in the later 60's it failed so that he rested for about a year.

His custom at first was to speak from a brief, or skeleton, the introduction being somewhat carefully written out. He later became convinced that speaking extempore was not the best way for him, and so adopted the plan of writing out his discourses fully and reading them. I think he was influenced to do this by the desire to close the morning service promptly for the Sunday school which followed. He could cover his subject in shorter time and more effectively by writing in full. He left scores of "skeletons" each upon one-fourth of a sheet of letter paper folded once. The written sermons are usually on packet size, written on both sides of the leaf, and neatly bound. All are written in a clear, distinct hand almost as plain as printing. On each is written the places and dates at which it was preached.

As a pastor he was faithful. He called regularly and impartially, except to be more with those who needed encouragement. He did not overlook the young and the children; they were taken into the church early. Yet he never baptized infants. Those who wished to have their children baptized he provided for by engaging others to do it.

Rev. G. G. Rice, long the pastor at Council Bluffs, thus spoke of him:

"His presence in the family, his presence in the sick room was always felt to be a benediction, and everywhere that he was known families loved to have him come, felt it a privilege, and our own children looked for his coming as they did for a near relative. There was a familiarity; he won their hearts."

Dr. R. R. Hanley, former pastor of the Tabor

Baptist church, said: "So far as Father Todd's ministry was concerned, I learned to regard especially the just judgment that he exercised, the wise and politic course that he took in the conduct of the church of which he was pastor, so that mingling many characters from different nationalities he was able to mold and influence them, to make them united in heart and purpose, and to work in the upbuilding of the institution of education as well as in the upbuilding of the church."

Rev. J. K. Nutting, of Glenwood, testified of his influence among his brother ministers in association meetings: "I remember Brother Todd as being a helpful member everywhere, the wise counsellor, the trusted leader, yet as having such remarkable simplicity of character and humility that he never seemed to be putting himself at the head at all. There are some persons that are born to lead and will draw you by their art, *i. e.*, they mean to lead, and there are others who are so quiet about their leadership, that you hardly think of them as being leaders until you look back and see so many things suggested by them, and so they do not attract the attention they deserve as leaders until the time is past, and we look back upon their work. It was something so with Brother Todd. His was the headship of Christian work. I think that is exactly delineated in the words of the Saviour, 'He that is greatest among you shall be servant of all.'

"I have several times been with him on councils, and I never knew Brother Todd to give an unwise sentiment or advice, never knew him to be forward for Congregationalism rather than for Christianity."

Some considered him too severe in rebuking evil, but most were convinced, I think, that he did it from a sense of duty and with the kindest of intentions. He considered himself an unfaithful friend if he did not do it. If he became convinced that he had gone too far, he was very ready to acknowledge it.

He preached a consistent and practical religion. Being sincere, he believed in practicing what he preached, and expected all others to do the same, so far as they were convinced.

Some perhaps thought him conservative because of his conscientiousness, but he was one who was ready to welcome any new measure which promised better things.

He adapted himself to new customs more easily than many, because he had perfect self-control, and when he was once convinced that anything was right and best he promptly and persistently adopted it heartily.

His Anti-Slavery Work

His opposition to slavery, which had been planted deep in his heart, not only manifested itself in anti-slavery speech and discussion in college days and in his early ministry, but led him to sustain a monthly prayer meeting which, from its being observed by many Oberlin men, was called the Concert of Prayer for the Enslaved. It was sustained regularly at Tabor till slavery was abolished in 1863. John Brown sometimes was present and once expressed his conviction that he had never yet remembered "those in bonds as bound with them."

The Reminiscences reveal his interest in and personal assistance to the "Underground Railroad."

We find him organizing a county anti-slavery society in his first field at Clarksfield. So also in Fremont county, Iowa, a convention was called on the subject in 1854.

His interest in the Kansas struggle is manifest in his Reminiscences. That was a time when Tabor saw and heard more of war, perhaps, than during the Civil War. At any rate, such events then seemed greater from their freshness, and more was seen of the leading men in the contest.

At one time Tabor citizens were on the point of helping a band of emigrants to make their way into the territory of Kansas in spite of "Border Ruffian" opposition. The pastor got spurs, new saddle, girths, and other equipment, ready to do his part, but the necessity passed away.

His War Record

Though earnestly and eloquently advocating the support of the government in the Civil War, he did not feel called to take part personally till in 1864, in the supreme effort to bring the war to a close, when the "Hundred Days Men" were called out. He was then first selected by the 29th Iowa Infantry as chaplain, but another had a preference with some of the leading officers, so he was later commissioned chaplain of the 46th Iowa Infantry, and served in western Tennessee.

One who was a member of the regiment and from Tabor testified: "We know that *his* life in the army was not like *the* life in the army. It was just as pure in the camp as it was in his own home. His words were just as earnest, just as clean when he talked to the soldiers around the camp fire as when he spoke from the sacred desk here in Tabor. He knew the men.

"Father Todd not only preached every Sunday, but we had a prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, too. There was one of those little earthworks where we used to go and hold prayer meeting. Father Todd was there always. * * * One of the most earnest prayers I ever heard from mortal lips I heard from him. It was beside the cot of a poor, ignorant colored man, who had just been taken from slavery, and the musket put in his hands, and who was mortally wounded. He was one chaplain who was earnest, constant in season and out of season, doing his duty no matter where it was."

His Missionary Work

Besides being a pastor he was much of the time a missionary. We need not repeat the details given in the Reminiscences. It should, however, be said that he states in his address at the Oberlin Jubilee in 1883 that he never held a commission under the American Home Missionary Society. Oberlin men were not acceptable to that Society because of a prejudice against Oberlin ideas and customs on one side and impatience with pro-slavery conservatism on the other. He received, however, small sums from the American Missionary Association, which was organized for work among the negroes, but for a time encroached on the work of both the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies for reasons just mentioned. This was for three or four years at the beginning of the colony. He covered in a monthly circuit an area about 100 by 40 miles, and services were held at eight or ten places.

It is a notable fact that this was done before the Methodists, who are deservedly famous for being at the forefront in religious work, had sent any one into that region.

The region at that time was filled with Mormons, lately driven out from Illinois, who were lingering about Kanesville (Council Bluffs) before going on to Salt Lake. After their departure—though several settlements remained—emigrants largely from the South filled the region. These were for slavery, and familiar with liquor. It was with these unfriendly classes that he had much to do. Yet in many places his labors were blessed with conversions and the starting of vigorous churches.

His charitable and catholic spirit enabled him frequently to join readily with the Methodists when they came and with other denominations in conducting revival services, usually to the mutual satisfaction of all. Later, it will be noticed from his Reminiscences, he was asked by eastern churches to take a more extended religious exploring tour, which greatly advanced the cause of religion by bringing out many new settlers who had not before committed themselves, and by their being brought into communication with one another, and re-established as active Christians.

Not only were such active efforts engaged in, but an interest in missions, foreign and home, was sustained in the Tabor church, which has always given liberally. Several have gone from the church into the foreign field, and many into home missionary work.

His Work for Temperance

Closely connected with missionary work was the temperance work. When the Tabor colony first came to the region, merchants kept a barrel of whiskey in their back room with the head knocked out and a dipper always at hand for customers, and few were those who refused to drink. A county temperance society was organized and held regular quarterly meetings for about twenty years. Free whiskey soon disappeared, and the county voted for the Prohibition Amendment by several hundred majority.

His last effort was for temperance; to stay, by petition if possible, the passage of the Mulct law.

His Work for Tabor College

His main work, aside from that of pastor, was for Tabor College. President Brooks, who was president for nearly thirty years, writes: "When Rev. John Todd left his first church in Clarksfield, Ohio, at the solicitation of his friend, Deacon George B. Gaston, it was with no hope of worldly gain. He left a united church and an assured salary to go to a new and sparsely settled country. No church awaited his coming, no society commissioned him to go. Deacon Gaston alone commissioned him, inviting him to join the little company who had set their faces toward western Iowa. He said: 'Come with us and while I live you shall live.' Beginnings were made in faith and hope though the present many times did not seem bright.

"Mr. Todd was one of the incorporators, in 1857, of Tabor Literary Institute, the Academy which preceded Tabor College. He was chairman of its Board of Trustees, and also the first chairman of the Board of Trustees of Tabor College. He was one of the Trustees of the College from its incorporation in 1866 until his death. He was one of the most liberal givers to the College: he gave not only money but time and thought; he gave himself to promote its interests. At the opening of the College Mr. Todd, from a salary of $800 pledged $1,000, which he paid with interest; then gave another $1,000, and afterward gave in smaller sums. Besides these gifts in money he taught for three years without pecuniary compensation, and gave time without limit in arranging courses of study and in doing every kind of necessary work.

"In educating his family, three of whom graduated from Tabor College, he never availed himself of the free tuition given to the children of ministers in active service but said he preferred to pay in full. He never failed when in town to be present at the opening of a new term. At different times he served as Secretary, Treasurer, Librarian, and Auditor, and always with the same faithfulness and interest in the success of the institution which he came to the West to help establish. He was not a born leader nor one with unbounded enthusiasm, but he was one who had the genius for doing well a large amount of work. He always worked with his associates without friction unless he thought some principle of right was violated. In his death one of the earliest and best friends of the College passed away."

Personal Characteristics

His description, according to his enlistment paper, was " 5 ft., 6 inches high, light complexion, blue eyes, grey hair, age 45."

He was of slender build and light weight, but very active. His habitual quick step was often a subject of remark and means of recognition.

A young professor in the college relates: " As I was taking my trunks over to the house where I was to live, having been in town only a few hours, as I climbed in, there was Father Todd standing in the wagon, and we rode slowly along and I began to get acquainted with that man I have learned to love so well since. And as the wagon drew up to stop just a moment before his home, without the least hesitation, he lightly leaped over the wheel to the ground, standing erect as he was, leaving me—well, somewhat scandalized that a man over whose head so many years had passed should have so young a body, but I have learned since that his soul was just as young as his body."

In early life he often wore a scowl, which was more apparent on his unshaven face; in middle life the scowl was less marked; he wore a short beard with shaved upper lip; but in later years, having a full, long beard, he presented a benignant and venerable appearance admired by all.

His leading characteristics have perhaps been sufficiently illustrated already, but it may be well here to take a parting glance at them.

The fundamental factor in his life was unfaltering trust in God. From this sprang his consecration for a noble cause, his perseverance amid discouragements, and his calmness and unflinching courage. Linked with this was his faithfulness to duty. The voice of conscience was to him the call of God, to be followed unhesitatingly. As one said who knew him well (Rev. J. W. Cowan, his successor): "If he thought that a thing was right for him to do, you could count upon his doing that thing just as surely as you can count on the sun rising tomorrow morning. If he thought a certain thing should be said from the pulpit it would be absolutely sure to be said the next Sunday morning. It was not because he did not care for the good opinion of his fellow men. It was not because he did not like to have his neighbors think well of him."

He possessed a logical mind. His appeal was constantly to reason, and if he was convinced of wrong reasoning he was not slow to acknowledge an error. If in doubt he was quite sure to err on the side of self-denial rather than on the side of self-indulgence.

Closely akin to this was a love of truth, and hence that qualifying of strong statements which to some may have seemed lack of confidence or of enthusiasm. It was because he saw the truth more clearly than some.

Though habitually sober, another trait was love of sport. He had times of unbending; in fact, he considered duty led in this direction not infrequently. He played with children. He keenly enjoyed a harmless joke. He enjoyed such extravaganzas as Baron Münchausen, and still more, fun with a point, like that of Mark Twain or Burdette, but he quickly sobered if sport was made of things sacred or serious.

He was not at home in any labored display, and while attending social functions from a sense of duty, recognizing their necessity and bearing himself well in them, he was not there for pleasure.

He was a lover of nature and enjoyed giving instruction, as he did for a time, in the Natural Sciences.

An important factor in his success was his delight in neatness and method. He was scribe of the Council Bluffs Association for many years, and he was presented with a gold pen in recognition of his marked success in that office. His manuscripts were clear as lithographs. He kept careful record of all marriages, baptisms, and other notable events of his parish, and yet method or accuracy simply for its own sake he thought of little value. Red tape was irksome. He enjoyed drawing diagrams and maps. He enjoyed a nicely labeled and systematically arranged cabinet. Closely akin to this accuracy were his habits of promptness, neatness of dress, and also of keeping things in place. A common injunction to his children was: "Be sure to put it back in place." "Leave it where you found it."

Another trait was his impartiality. He believed in doing his part and expected every one else to do his. Hence he would treat all equally and fairly. He was also slow to believe a man wilfully deficient, and when he had proved to be so, he felt bound to treat him as he deserved. He had no sympathy with a clannish or aristocratic spirit. He was above holding a position or carrying a point by pretense or intrigue, and was slow to believe it of others.

Yet he was not blind to the faults of others and his caution saved him from many a deception. He was always ready to give another the benefit of a doubt, and to suffer wrong rather than to do a wrong. His loyal and charitable spirit was beautifully illustrated in his welcome to Rev. J. W. Cowan, his successor in the pulpit which he had filled for thirty years, and which he had resigned on reaching his 64th year. This is the Rev. Cowan's tribute: "I would that I had time to speak of what he has been to me individually; of how that gentle, modest, unassuming spirit has shown itself so constantly. Almost a dozen years ago I came to this place to take out of his hands that work on which he had lavished the thirty best years of his life, into which he poured his heart's blood through three toiling decades. It was dearer to him, I doubt not, than any other earthly interest. What wonder would it have been if there had been something of jealous watchfulness, something of ever wakeful criticism in the attitude of his spirit as he came to turn that prized work over to the hand of a stranger who, perhaps, might mar wonder would it have been if there had been built at so great sacrifice and toil? Yet I say today, with all my heart, without the slightest shade of reservation, that not one word, not one breath of opposition or unfriendliness has ever escaped him in all these years. And that were small thing for him to do—to step aside and leave it for another unmolested; that were but little. He has done far more than that. He has stood beside the new pastor, an active co-laborer, earnestly, cheerfully, constantly doing all in his power to build up the work. There has been none in all this church upon whom I could count more absolutely for loyal and faithful support. None who spoke more frequent or more hearty words of encouragement and affection. None more ready for any duty, however small, however obscure, however unrewarded, by which he might serve his Master and his church. A faithful worker he has been."

His Closing Years

July 20, 1888, his companion in the morning and mid-day of life passed on before. His family, with the exception of two daughters, had all married and lived in homes of their own. He spent the following winter visiting a married daughter in southern California and other friends on that coast. The following summer he spent on a homestead in South Dakota, securing a claim for his daughter, Minnie. In the autumn he returned and lived at the old house in Tabor with this daughter. Pleasant acquaintance sprang up with a widow of gentle grace and earnest, Christian character, who had come to Tabor for the education of her family, and on March 26, 1891, they were quietly married, and she made a sunny home for his declining years. These in some respects were probably the happiest years of his life, like the Beulah land of the immortal allegory. Her children, in the freshness of youth, enlivened the home with sport and song. He was conveniently situated to the College which he had been largely influential in founding and perfecting. He was constantly in close touch with the church, which had been his care for decades, on familiar terms with its new and talented pastor, sharing in the pulpit services to the end, and esteemed as a father and friend by the whole community. He could rejoice in the fruits of his labors and watch the kind hand of Providence blessing them, as has been granted to few on earth.

One of his last blessings of which he spoke most appreciatively was a visit to the Columbian Exposition. His physician had at one time thought that he must forego that pleasure. But he had strength, and spent a week or more in seeing with his own eyes that crowning exhibition of modern civilization, and its triumph in all lands, even in some that within his memory had been won from heathen superstition, so that he was able to look upon it as a triumph largely of the kingdom of his Master. He met there also many old time acquaintances, that added much to his joy.

His general health and activity continued to the last. As before mentioned, he was circulating a petition against the repeal of the prohibition law, which he looked upon as hostile to the welfare of the State. It was a crisp winter morning; he felt well and had made several calls, when he entered the home of Reuben Reeves, a mile from home. He sat down while the man of the house signed the paper, who, when he turned to him again, found that he was gone without a cry and without a struggle. The scripture came to many minds: "He walked with God, and was not, for God took him." As Pastor Cowan well expressed: "To such a life as his the end how fitting! He who abhorred idleness as few men abhor it, God did not compel him one hour of idleness. He fell in the harness, his sword uplifted to strike again. He fell in the furrow, his hand upon the plow, his face turned resolutely toward the task he hoped still to accomplish. He whose spirit would chafe at the thought of dependence upon the care and labor of any one, however lovingly and eagerly rendered—nor wife nor child needed to smooth his dying pillow or wipe the sweat from his suffering brow even for one hour. In the midst of his labors he was called. He walked with God and was not. Faithful to the last, busy to the last in the Master's service, in his place last Sunday morning ministering to the people to whom he so long ministered, in his place last Monday afternoon pronouncing the words of solemn prayer over the casket of a fellow soldier fallen at his side, in his place last evening as a member of the official board of the church, with kindly question and loving counsel aiding those soon to confess their faith at the altars of the church, in his place last Tuesday evening in the prayer meeting in his own parlors, in his place Wednesday morning bearing from house to house that protest against what he believed to be gigantic and conscienceless wrong, that prayer for the burdened and the tempted and the lost, the last stroke of his pen the signature to that petition, his last living breath spent in urging others to aid in that great cause, so he fell. So he passes from us. Oh, worthy apotheosis! Oh, fitting upward flight for a spirit such as his has been!

"Sometimes death comes to men about us doubly terrible because of its suddenness, but here is a death as sudden as any could be, yet without terror. Aye, and so appropriate. This man of God waking that morning saw before him a day of labor for the Master, and expected, no doubt, that that evening he would be, as his wont was, among the people of God in the house of prayer. He did not know that he would be there only as an invisible presence. When he walked up the hill yonder to his neighbor's house that morning he did not know that he would not come down again in a few moments as strong of limb, as bright of eye, as he was then. When he passed into that door he did not turn and take one long, last look at the beautiful world that he might not see again. When he drew the paper out for his friend to sign he did not say, 'That hand, with its years of busy toil, has now done its last small act; its work is over.' There he stood, separated from eternity but by the ticking of the clock. What mattered it to him? To close his eyes and open them again and, having done it, to find himself beyond the valley of the shadow of death, beyond the deadly Apollyon, beyond the open mouth of hell and beyond the dark, rolling river, already up the heights, already on the golden shore.

'O, child of God, O Glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine.
A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And Heaven to crown it all.' "

His Funeral

The College claimed the privilege of paying a special tribute of respect. On Saturday afternoon, after a brief service of hymn and prayer, the students carried the body to Gaston Hall, which they had appropriately decorated. Here he lay in state until Sunday, visited by many.

"On Sunday morning, shortly before half past ten, the bearers, members of Father Todd's Sunday school class, all venerable men, reverently lifted the casket and bore it forth, when a procession was formed as follows: Pastor Cowan and Revs. Rice and Nutting; six pall bearers with the casket, flanked on either side by a file of old soldiers of John Allen Post, G. A. R., and visiting comrades as a guard of honor, commanded by a member of Father Todd's own regiment, the draped colors being borne by another member of the same regiment, and others in the ranks; the family of the deceased; college professors; students, and other friends. At the church, drapery and a profusion of flowers, the most beautiful and fragrant, were placed about the casket and pulpit.

"Pastor Cowan, Rev. G. G. Rice, of Council Bluffs, and Rev. J. K. Nutting, of Glenwood, spoke; the second on 'The Pioneer Preacher and Founder of Churches,' the last on 'Father and Patriarch of the Council Bluffs Association,' and the first on 'Our Present Loss.' The Scripture readings, hymns, and anthems were most appropriate and beautifully rendered, and all felt it to be a most memorable occasion. The procession formed again and followed the form of their loved pastor and friend to its last resting place."

In the evening again a full house gathered for less formal memorial services. Brief tributes were given by Rev. R. R. Hanley, of the Baptist church, who spoke of "My Next Door Neighbor;" Deacon A. C. Gaston, of "Planting the Colony;" Deacon S. H. Adams, "The Founding of This Church;" Deacon J. M. Hill, of "Father Todd as Chaplain;" Mrs. J. M. Barbour, of his "Impressions on the Second Generation;" Professor J. T. Fairchild, of "His Constant Activity in the Church;" Professor L. J. Nettleton, of "His Influence on Those He Rarely Met."

The last speaker moved that the church erect some lasting memorial to his memory. Pursuant to that a marble tablet has been placed on the wall inside the auditorium of the church, recording in clear and simple words his long and successful work therein.

His grave may be found in the cemetery, on an eastern slope, overlooking the church and college which were so largely the objects of his life's work.

SYNOPSIS OF REVEREND TODD'S LIFE

SYNOPSIS OF REVEREND TODD'S LIFE

Born in West Hanover, Dauphin county, Pa., son of Capt. James Todd, of Scotch-Irish origin and Presbyterian faith, Nov. 10, 1818.

Went to college at Oberlin, O., Sept., 1835.

Received the degree of A. B. at Oberlin College, 1841.

Graduated from Oberlin Theological Seminary, 1844.

Ordained as Congregational minister, at Oberlin, Aug. 15, 1844.

Married Miss Martha Atkins, A. B., daughter of Judge Atkins, of Cleveland, O., Sept. 10, 1844.

Began a six years' pastorate at Clarksfield, Huron county, O., 1844.

Invited by Mr. Geo. B. Gaston, of Oberlin, to go west as pastor of a colony which should plant a college, 1847.

Went with Dea. G. B. Gaston, S. H. Adams and their families, with Dea. J. B. Hall and D. P. Matthews to southwestern Iowa, via Cincinnati and St. Louis, to look over the land, Sept., 1848.

Attended a meeting held in Wabonsie to organize a county, and chosen one to take the petition east to the first member of the state legislature he should find, Oct., 1848.

Started with Dea. J. B. Hall to ride on horseback from southwestern Iowa to Ohio, middle of Oct., 1848.

Arrived safely at Clarksfield, O., middle of Nov., 1848.

Closed his work at Clarksfield and visited his early home, New York city and Washington, spring, 1850.

Moved to Iowa with his family, via Chicago and St. Louis, and landed at Lambert's Landing (near Percival), July 1, 1850.

Supplied regular preaching at Civil Bend, Florence, Trader's Point, Honey Creek, Cutler's Camp and High Creek, all in Iowa, and Linden, Mo., 1851.

The site of Tabor having been selected instead of Civil Bend, their first choice, he moved to a claim, two miles south of Tabor, April, 1852.

He organized the Tabor Congregational church, at his home, with eight members, Oct. 12, 1852.

Moved to his home in Tabor, where he lived till his death, August, 1853.

Organized the Congregational church of Glenwood, 1856.

Made an extended home missionary tour through western Iowa to Sioux City and back through eastern Nebraska. This was at the request of the Congregational churches in eastern Iowa. July, 1857.

President of the Board of Trustees of Tabor Literary Institute, 1857.

Organized the First Congregational church of Sioux City, Monday, Aug. 10, 1857.

Chaplain of the 46th Iowa (hundred days), summer, 1864.

Began service as Trustee of Tabor College, 1866.

Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Tabor College, 1866-69.

Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Tabor College, 1869-72.

Librarian of Tabor College, 1877.

Resigned his pastorate of the Tabor church after thirty years' service, 1883.

Treasurer of Tabor College, 1881-86.

His wife died suddenly after several years of feebleness, July 20, 1888.

Spent six months with his daughter Minnie near Drakola, Kingsbury Co., S. D., summer, 1889.

Married Mrs. Anna K. Drake, of Tabor, Iowa, March 26, 1891.

Visited the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Sept., 1893.

Died suddenly of heart failure, while circulating a petition to the Iowa legislature against repealing the prohibitory law, Jan. 31, 1894.

His wife, two sons, four daughters, seven grandsons, four grand-daughters, a step-son and two step-daughters survive to mourn his loss.

EARLY SETTLEMENT AND GROWTH OF WESTERN IOWA

CHAPTER I

PRELIMINARIES

BEING asked to write, I here set out, but what shall I write? How shall I avoid being tediously minute on the one hand, or so general as to be uninteresting on the other? Farther, readers are not all interested in the same things. Mental constitution, mode of thought, and degree of information, respecting matters and persons treated of, greatly affect the interest of the reader. As time rolls on, and the prominent actors in the early settlement of our country are passing away, it seems fitting that any events in the past worthy of remembrance should be placed on record, and who so suitable to record them as one who has himself been an actor in the events recorded?

The settlement known as Tabor has sometimes been spoken of as a Colony, but this appellation is appropriate, if at all, only in a very general sense. While there was interest in a common object expressed and understood, there were no writings drawn, no covenant or agreement formally entered into between the parties, binding them to any specific course of conduct. There was union and concert, but it was the union of faith in a common gospel, and concerted action in promoting Christian education. They aimed to erect the Church and the Hall of Science side by side—each to sustain the other, and both to flourish under their mutually refreshing shadow.

George Belcher Gaston, older son of Dea. Alex Gaston, of Amherst, Ohio, eager to be about his Master's work, went, with his family, as government farmer to the Pawnee Indians, in 1840. In a few years, the failure of the health of his family occasioned his return to his farm near Oberlin, Ohio. But the vision of the great West, with its possibilities and destinies, still lingered in his mind. The question, "How can it be secured for Christ? What can be done to lay *Christian* foundations in the broad and fertile land, so soon to teem with a numerous people?" was an ever recurring one. With the work of Oberlin for more than a decade of years spread out before him, he conceived the idea of repeating the experiment in southwestern Iowa. He thought of it—he prayed over it—he conferred with others on the subject—others became interested—they met weekly, and prayed and conferred together for more than a year, before any were ready to start. Sometime during the summer of 1848, Brother Gaston visited the writer in Clarksfield (15 or more miles distant), to talk over the matter. He wanted to secure a minister of the gospel for the settlement. Wife and I became interested in the project and consented to go, but thought it best that I should first go and see. At length in October or November, 1848, the way was prepared, and a few of the first emigrants from northern Ohio set out for southwestern Iowa, viz.: G. B. Gaston and family, S. H. Adams and wife, and Darius P. Matthews, attended by Deacon Josiah B. Hall and Rev. J. Todd, who went out to see the country. Railroads were scarcely known in those days. One had recently been opened from Sandusky to Cincinnati. We went forty miles to take the cars at Belleview. The writer's sister, Mrs. Margaret Harrison, of Springfield, Ohio, accompanied us as far as Cincinnati, where we took boat for St. Louis, and thence by steamer for St. Joe, no boats then running higher up the river, except a few that carried government stores to the forts on the upper Missouri, and brought down furs from the trappers. There were no railroads at Chicago and not a foot of one in all Iowa. It required a month to send a letter to Ohio and receive a reply, and when it came, the postage on it was twenty-five cents. Twenty-five cents, eighteen and three-fourths, and twelve and a half cents were the rates of postage, according to distance. Neither envelopes nor stamps were then in use. Who would return to primitive simplicity?

CHAPTER II

A LOCATION SOUGHT FOR

RIDE ON THE RIVER

WE PASSED a night in Cincinnati, and availed ourselves of the earliest opportunity to take passage for St. Louis. We were several days in making the trip, and failed to reach St. Louis that week. The water in the Ohio river was low, and we were obliged to use the portage canal at Louisville to get around the rapids. To persons accustomed to active life the time seemed long. After the novelty of the new relations had worn away, and all had found their proper places and settled into them, the tedium attending a long river ride became more marked, and methods of whiling away the time were resorted to according to individual opportunities and preferences. Some amused themselves with a game of cards while others looked on. Some had supplied themselves with a stock of interesting reading matter. Others resorted to the upper deck to gaze upon the shifting scenes on either shore, as the steamer floated along. Others still, more socially disposed, managed to make new acquaintances, and sustain animated conversation.

Breakfast over each day, Brother Gaston invited his little company into his state room for worship, and prayer for divine guidance and direction in regard to the object he so ardently cherished and seemed never to lose sight of.

One day under a feeling of languor and longing for something new to pass the time, the writer asked a fellow passenger, in whose hands he had sometime before seen "Fuller's Letters on Slavery," if he would lend him the volume to read. Instead of readily and cheerfully granting the request, he at once began to ply him with questions, evidently for the purpose of drawing out his views on the question of slavery. Although by no means courting discussion, the writer regarded it cowardly not to be willing, when challenged, to avow his sentiments and state the reasons for the same. It was soon found that his views and those of the writer were, on the subject of slavery, directly opposed, and into a hot discussion the parties at once plunged. The writer doesn't remember all the points touched upon, but he well remembers asserting that the slaves in our country had a much better reason for rising and fighting for their freedom than our fathers ever had for forcibly throwing off the yoke of Great Britain. In the meantime the news had gone all over the boat, and passengers from every quarter were crowding into the cabin, where we two were engaged in warm controversy, and the crowd pressing us on every side. As soon as the multitude came near enough to comprehend the case, they began to cry out, "Damn the Abolitionist!" "Shoot him!" "Kill him!" A Louisiana slaveholder, more noisy than the rest, as he entered the cabin door, cried out: "The d—d Abolitionist! I wish I had him! I would swap him off for a dog and then I would shoot the dog!" At this juncture the noise and confusion had become too great to prolong the debate. The writer's friends interposed and led him into a stateroom; and the occasion of the excitement being gone, the crowd gradually cooled down and dispersed. The book civilly asked for was not obtained, and the writer subsequently learned that his antagonist was a minister of the gospel from Missouri. Each had judged the other to be of the legal profession.

Next morning when the writer arose (as he was wont to rise earlier than most) he found the colored servants and waiters in the cabin busy doing up their morning work. They recognized him at once, and greeted him very cordially, and from that time onward until we reached St. Louis, no one on board was served more faithfully, or waited upon at table more promptly and generously, than was your humble servant.

Among the passengers on board was a young man recently from the seminary, and under appointment by the A. H. M. Society to a field in Missouri, who though not pro-slavery in sentiment himself, admitted that he would be under the necessity of keeping silent on the subject of slavery. As we sat conversing together on the upper deck the boat rounded to and landed at Cairo, where all passengers going south disembarked. Prominent among these was the Louisiana slaveholder, so eager to kill the abolitionist but unwilling to disgrace himself by expending his ammunition on such unworthy game. As he mounted to the top of the levee, followed by his faithful slave in charge of his baggage, he cast his eye back, and seeing the writer on the deck, called out, " Ho, you abolitionist, ain't you going south with us? I'll keep you a week for nothing, till they get ready to hang you." The writer replied, " That's where they do such things. I'm not going there."

Before reaching St. Louis it became apparent that the boat would not get in before Sabbath morning. As Brother Gaston had all his goods on board, he felt it to be his duty to remain on board with them. Others of us had no such excuse. When, therefore, we learned that the boat had to land a passenger at St. Genevieve, we proposed to land with him. It was late Saturday night, very dark and raining, and the landing some distance from the town. We went for our baggage, but the boat did not come to a full stop, but simply slowed up to enable them to shove out a plank; and we returned just in time to see the plank drawn in and the disembarking passenger scrambling up a steep bank.

FROM ST. LOUIS TO PERCIVAL

In 1848, in proportion to the amount of traveling done, a larger portion of it was done by river steamboat than since railroads have become so common. Few boats then ran up the Missouri farther than St. Joe, although the river was navigable many hundreds of miles higher up. Boats were always lying at the St. Louis landing, ready to go wherever business called, and whenever they had secured a load. Boats for the upper Missouri would advertise accordingly, and as travelers usually are eager to be forwarded on their way as expeditiously as possible, it is some object to take passage on the boat that leaves *first* for your destination. Consequently, as you go along the levee to ascertain when the different boats are likely to start, you will find them exceedingly accommodating with promises. They are always going to start about the time you want to go, if they can find out what that time is. They fire up every day—blow off steam—cause their paddle wheels to revolve in the water—splash and spatter and foam, as a race horse restive to be gone. These measures are resorted to for days in succession in order to retain the passengers already engaged, and also to add to their numbers. Sometimes you may learn from the merchants that they are lying to you. Having had occasion to purchase some articles to take along, and on urging them to not fail to have them put on board by a set time, as the boat was then to start, "Why," said the merchant, "they are not going to start by that time, you may be sure, for there is freight here to be put aboard that same boat twenty-four hours later than that." There is, however, this redeeming feature in the case, as soon as you engage your passage, you can go aboard and make yourself at home, and be boarded and lodged gratuitously until you do start.

The Missouri river is always very low in the autumn. This fact, together with the many snags and sawyers which obstruct the ever-shifting channel, makes it difficult to navigate. Its swift but turbid waters roll and tumble along their uneven and changeful channel, sometimes with a smooth surface and again plunging and boiling like a pot. The Missouri river boats usually carry with them two mast-like sparring poles, with rope and tackle, to help over sand bars and lift the boat off when it gets aground. So shifting is the alluvial soil through which the river flows that the principal channel can be determined in places only by the lead and line. One day the pilot, being in doubt as to where the channel lay, ordered out the "lead and line." As the boatman threw it he cried out, "No bottom!" "No bottom!" "No bottom!" and the very next throw, "Five feet and a half!" Of course the boat could not run at night, and the passage became necessarily tedious. Before reaching St. Joe our boat ran for miles through what we were told was a few years before a luxurious corn field. We reached St. Joe Saturday afternoon. As we were intending to procure horses there, and proceed the rest of the way by land, we no sooner made our wishes known than plenty of horses were offered at very reasonable rates, the owners apparently eager to sell. Brother Gaston bought a span, and Deacon Hall and the writer each one horse. We took lodgings at the Edgar House, then two or more blocks from the river, but twenty-five years later a frail, deserted building on the river's brink.

Having rested on the Lord's day and attended worship with Christian friends, we arose on Monday morning refreshed and eager to reach our destination.

The wagon and buggy which Brother Gaston had brought with him were soon fitted up and goods loaded. As my horse was not broken to harness, Deacon Hall's was harnessed to the buggy to take the women and children. Thus our little caravan of ten persons set out for a hundred mile journey to Percival, Iowa. But we had not proceeded far before we learned that Brother Hall's horse was not a safe buggy beast, and that some different arrangement must be made. The convincing evidence of that fact was as follows: We had proceeded but a short distance—the writer on horseback in front, followed by Deacon Hall, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Gaston and Euphelia in the buggy, and after them Brother Gaston, Alexander and Alonzo in the loaded wagon, and S. H. Adams and D. P. Matthews on foot some distance still in the rear. As the buggy neared a bridge across a small stream which wended its way at the bottom of a deep worn channel, the animal became restive and fractious, and had scarcely crossed the bridge when Deacon Hall, in efforts to control it, broke one of the lines and thus caused the animal to turn short about and plunge down the bank and dart through under the bridge, throwing some of the passengers clear across the brook, breaking the buggy and leaving it bottom side up, the horse never stopping until it had torn itself entirely free; nor could it be made to go near the buggy again, and all pronounced it unsafe. Some were seriously but none dangerously hurt, although they bore the marks of the injuries for months. The whole catastrophe occurred in much less time than it can be told.

Accordingly the buggy and some of the lading were left by the way, and we went forward—two on horseback and the rest with the loaded wagon.

Thus we plodded on our weary way through a sparsely peopled country where conveniences and comforts were few—no nobility to cringe to, no palatial residences to covet, nor overflowing wealth to envy, but everywhere a simple-hearted generosity that stands ready to help in time of need. Sometimes we found friendly shelter at night, and sometimes we slept under the broad canopy of heaven, but in due time without any serious mishap we reached the hospitable home of Lester W. Platt and Elvira, his wife, in October, 1848. They had been expecting us, and our arrival was a mutually joyous meeting.

A LOCATION SOUGHT FOR

Having reached our destination, and while enjoying a hearty hospitality, we took it a little leisurely, resting a day or two from our long journey, though never losing sight of the object in view.

From Oberlin, where there was but one church, and the people eminently a church-going people, the writer took his first pastorate in Clarksfield, where were three churches in a community not half so populous as Oberlin, and where the attendants on worship, in all three churches taken together, were not half so many as attended the one church in Oberlin. These facts deeply impressed the writer with the wastefulness and want of economy with which evangelistic efforts were carried on—and the importance of more union and cordial co-operation in the work of the Lord among Christians; and while it seemed impracticable to organize union, where the different denominations had already started separately, yet the folly and cost of so many divisions among God's people was so apparent that, if in the outset on the frontiers the children of God could be brought together, we might hope to secure permanent union. This consideration more than any other led the writer to consider favorably the proposition to come to southwestern Iowa.

Some time before, Dr. Ira D. Blanchard and family, including Miss Abbie Walton, so recently deceased (1890), located in the near vicinity of Mr. Platt's. They had come from the Baptist mission among the Indians in Kansas, but were open communion in sentiment. There were also a dozen or more families in a circuit of two or three miles radius, some of whom were decidedly partial to Methodism. Most of the latter were from Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, where free schools were not prevalent, and many of them were unable to read or write.

We soon began to search out the country, traveling usually on horseback, escorted by Mr. Platt, or Dr. Blanchard, and sometimes attended by both. We were taken across the bottom to the big spring, and visited Father Rector's. Again, we passed through the large body of timber, in the bend of the river. To those of us who had lived among the thick forests of northern Ohio, the tall straight cottonwoods looked very homelike and inviting, while in the uplands the trees were more scattering and shorter, requiring, according to the idiom of the country, two trees in order to get a log long enough to make a fence post. Indeed, timber was so scarce in the bluffs that we did not expect to see the prairie between the Missouri and the Nishnabotna all settled up in our lifetime. The Missouri bottom, with a width of eight miles, and extending north and south far beyond the reach of human vision, was a beautiful level plain, whose fertility was assured by the tall, rank grass which everywhere clothed its surface. Repeatedly did we hear the saddening story of many thousands of dollars lost for want of flocks and herds enough to consume the grass. Another time we attended a political mass meeting on the Wabonsie creek, not far below the old carding mill, where Wabonsa, the old Indian chief, was said to have once resided. The meeting was called to take measures to urge upon the legislature the organization of a new county in the southwest corner of the state, as the Gentiles in these parts were restive under Mormon rule at Kanesville. The meeting was numerously attended and harmonious in its action. A form of petition was agreed upon, signed, and entrusted to Josiah B. Hall and John Todd, with instructions to leave it with the first member of the legislature they should meet as they crossed the state on their return to Ohio, which they accordingly did.

At another time we took a ride north as far as Trader's Point, about forty miles, left our horses on this side of the river, and crossed over in a skiff to the Presbyterian Indian Mission, which occupied the present site of Belleview. There we found Rev. Mr. McKinney in charge of a boarding school for Indian children, and enjoyed a pleasant talk with him about the success of his work. As Brother Gaston had for a time lived among the Indians at that point, he was well acquainted with many of them, and we were permitted to enter many of their log cabins with him, and were introduced to many of his aboriginal friends in their own homes—Indian, squaw, and papoose, all in their native style and polished manners. After a hasty call and friendly chat, to most of us wholly unintelligible, we retreated across the river and mounting our steeds took up our line of march eastward along the Mormon trail. Deacon Hall and the writer set out for Ohio, and our companions kindly accompanied us as far as Silver Creek, where we lodged together in the unfinished house of Dr. Dalrymple. In the morning (Friday) we parted, Brother Hall and the writer to pursue our long and lonely way to Ohio, the others to return to Civil Bend to provide winter quarters for their families. We had found no very desirable location for our purpose. The uplands were ineligible because so rough, hilly and destitute of building timber. The bottoms, though level, beautiful, and possessed of inexhaustible fertility, were low, and though now dry, indicated in places that they were sometimes overflowed. On the whole, it was agreed that we had found no point preferable to the vicinity of Percival. We had heard much of the beauty and desirableness of "the three river country," and were charged to keep on the lookout as we crossed the state and visit if possible "the three river country," in the vicinity of Des Moines, and, if we found any more desirable location we should inform them by letter, otherwise the vicinity of Percival would be regarded as the location.

CHAPTER III

RETURN HOME

A THOUSAND-MILE HORSEBACK RIDE

FROM that unfinished house of Dr. Dalrymple on Silver Creek, on Friday in October, 1848, Deacon Josiah B. Hall, a native of New England, and myself turned our faces eastward and struck out for Ohio. We had traveled on the "Mormon trail" from near Trader's Point. This was at that time the only road connecting the settlements in eastern Iowa with the Missouri slope. As there were thousands of Mormons who, dissatisfied with their treatment at Nauvoo, had decided to make Salt Lake valley their home, persons were sent in advance to look out a practicable route, build bridges, and prepare the way. Sixteen months or more before, the mass of them passed over this road on their way from Illinois to Utah. In order to avoid famine in that wild and uncultivated region, many of them stopped temporarily by the way, so that the first settlers along that road, in the Missouri valley, and along the way by groves and streams, were chiefly Mormons.

Setting out then from Silver Creek our course lay by Indiantown in Cass county, of which we heard frequent mention; and as it would be difficult to get grain for our horses on the way, we purposed to give them a good feed at Indiantown. Our own provisions we carried with us, also two blankets and a buffalo robe. On we went, stopping only to lunch and graze, till the sun had far descended the western sky, when on looking forward we discovered a log house and deemed that we were coming into the vicinity of Indiantown, but as that house was several rods from the track of our road, we concluded to pass on until we came to the town before feeding. That house stood in the forks of Indian creek and the East Nishnabotna, where we saw also poles, crotches, and bark, arranged in Indian style, for lodges. These doubtless gave rise to the name Indiantown, for we saw no more houses in that region. We fed no grain, for the good reason there was none to feed. Still on we rode, until darkness closed down around us, and the pressing, practical question was, " Where shall we lodge?" On looking ahead we discerned, as we descended a hill to cross a stream, a fire of logs in a grove on the opposite bank, and a number of people gathered about it enjoying themselves apparently. On asking them if we might share their fire with them for the night, they refused, and we rode on. They had their teams out in the direction we were going, grazing. When, therefore, we passed on, they followed us, until we were quite by, evidently judging us to be horse thieves, and deciding to give us no chance to steal theirs. On we went several miles further in the dark, then turned down in a hollow, several rods from the road, where we camped, if camping it could be called, when we had neither tent nor wagon—not a tree, or stake, or bush to tie to—the blue concave above bespangled with stars, and the howl of the prairie wolf in the distance, from different points of the horizon. We had not learned to tie our horses, each to the other's tail. There seemed no alternative but that one of us hold the horses, while the other slept. Arranging the saddles so as to ward off the wind, and the blankets and robe for comfort and warmth, my comrade was soon in dreamland, while I kept vigils. About midnight we exchanged places; but as the moon rose at two or three in the morning, it was thought best to push forward, as we would with difficulty reach a resting place for the Sabbath. So we packed up and mounted, finding, as the day dawned, both frost and ice. We journeyed on through all that day with scarcely the sight of a human being, until we were glad to see and speak with any man, be he Mormon, horse thief, or Indian. The road seemed long. We traveled hours in the morning by moonlight—all day long with as little stop as possible—and to 9 o'clock at night, always supposing that we went not less than seventy miles. We came upon campers by the wayside sometime before we reached our destination, and sweeter music the writer never heard than was the tinkling of that first cowbell that Saturday evening. The place was called Pisgah, and we took quarters with Elder York of the church of Latter Day Saints, until the following Monday. We were well entertained although we were not treated to all the luxuries of a Boston market. From our Pisgah we were more desirous just then to see the land of Nod than the land of Canaan. Whether this settlement has a place or a name on modern maps I know not, but my remembrance of it was that of a little valley among hills by a small stream, in which were a few log dwellings, with a small, plain house of worship on higher ground. After seeing our horses cared for, and satisfying the inner man, we were prepared to test Solomon's truthfulness when he said, " The sleep of a laboring man is sweet whether he eat little or much." Surely the Sabbath is a godsend to weary mortals! So dark was the night, that not until the morning dawn could we form any adequate conception of either the place or the people.

A SABBATH AT PISGAH

Many utterly refuse to hallow or keep holy God's Sabbath, yet comparatively few fail to be benefited, even by their very imperfect observance of it. To most persons it breaks in upon the monotony peculiar to other days, and by change brings rest. There may be no thankful, prayerful, worshipful heart—no reading or study of the Bible—no going to church or joining in public divine worship—little thought of God, and less of obligations to Him, and yet the Sabbath is to man, as an animal, a blessing—a rest as it is to his horse or his ox. The day is by most persons treated restfully. They lie longer in the morning—are freer from care through the day—business presses less heavily—fathers renew their acquaintance with their families—children return from toil, and gather around the home circle—flurry and hurry are wanting—a leisurely, deliberate gait attends every movement. This itself tends to lengthen life, and promote health. The Sabbath evidently brought a change in Pisgah.

As we entered the common apartment in the morning our host greeted us with a hearty "good morning," and sat down to entertain his guests by conversation, while the breakfast was in course of preparation. Among other things, the writer inquired of him the views of Mormons in regard to the Sabbath. He replied that they believed in the Sabbath just as Christians generally do—that they regard it as of divine appointment—a day of rest and worship, but that they had been so unsettled that they had not been able to observe it so strictly as they otherwise might have done. Some of them, he said, took the liberty to hunt prairie chickens on Sunday, and justified themselves by saying, "Anyone having domestic fowls would think it no wrong to go to his hen house and get a chicken to satisfy hunger on the Sabbath. The prairie is our hen house. The only difference is ours is less convenient." As we passed out of the gate to go to church, some of the boys were playing ball in the street. The Elder ordered them into the house, and asked, "Where is John?" They replied, "He is gone hunting." The whole tone and manner of the boys showed very plainly that they were not used to having their play broken up in that way. The meeting house, a small very plain structure, stood on the top of a hill or bluff near by, where were gathering the residents of the settlement, and travelers camping near. There were present that day two Elders who had just returned from the valley of Salt Lake to inform the brethren on the way of the prospect that awaited them there, and encourage them to go forward. The first speaker, among other things, commented on some passages of scripture in the following style: Gen. 2:16-17, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat. But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." "Now, how is this? This command was given to our first parents near the beginning of their existence. They remained obedient but a short time manifestly, and yet Adam lived 930 years. How are we to understand it? Peter tells us that 'one day is with the Lord as a thousand years,' and Adam didn't live a thousand years. So you see he died the same Lord's day that he ate of the forbidden fruit. It is by comparing scripture with scripture that we may hope to understand the Bible."

After he had finished and sat down, his brother arose and discoursed upon the attractions of Salt Lake valley thus: "You needn't be afraid to go on to the valley, lest you want for bread. They have had excellent crops there. Nothing but the pure wheat grows there. They have raised wheat in abundance to supply all that are likely to go on, and more too; so that none who go on need fear coming to want. You may have heard that the crickets injured the corn. Well, they did eat some of the outside rows, but by and by the gulls came along and ate up the crickets, and so made a good job of it all around. But before I stop I want to tell you a story. A man at the east invented a gun which possessed properties of sufficient worth to get it patented. He accordingly had a model constructed, preparatory to applying for a patent. But before he sent it off he undertook to exhibit its extraordinary qualities to a friend of his, and, while looking at it, it began to shoot—and it shot! —and shot!—and shot!—until it shot itself all away but the lock, and that lay snapping; and now lest I be like that gun, I will sit down, for I don't want to be snapping." These were the remarks, the application, and conclusion, of this peculiar discourse, and the speaker sat down.

An item of business was brought forward at the close. Some of the poor saints had reached them on their way westward, and lacked means to proceed farther. A collection was accordingly taken, and arrangements made to forward them on their way to Council Bluffs (then Kanesville).

As there were no farther public services, we returned to Elder York's, and improved the remainder of the day in reading and resting. That night it rained, which Deacon Hall always spoke of as a special providence to prevent the stealing of our horses. We were hospitably received, well entertained, and not exorbitantly taxed. On the morrow we passed on our way rested and refreshed, both we and our horses.

We were now so near " the three river country," that in conversation with Elder York, we learned that some of his neighbors had gone there in the early spring to make sugar. I proposed, therefore, to Deacon Hall that we leave the Mormon trail, and visit that country often so highly commended. But he would not hear of it at all, contemptuously saying, "Do you think the Lord would send us round by the Missouri river, if He wanted us to go to the three river country?"

The rain during Sunday night rendered the road somewhat muddy, nevertheless after breakfasting and settling our bills, we again mounted our steeds, and set our faces eastward. Our roadway was for the most part discreetly chosen. As the country was generally well watered by rivulets, whose flow had commonly cut deep channels through the soft alluvial soil, which required bridging, economy often prompted a crossing just above a break off where the confluent water of a marsh began to form its channel. The safe way here was usually a narrow way. To go too near the brink or waterfall on the one hand, was attended with danger, and to venture out among the cat tail flags on the other, was hardly less perilous. Fortunately for us, we were on horseback, and not cumbered with a wheeled vehicle. Once we found a deep stream, where the bridge had been carried off by a freshet, leaving only the stringers. The problem to solve was, how to get across. The horses could not walk the stringers, and to attempt to ford so deep, swift and swollen a current, with banks almost perpendicular, involved great risk. By carrying our saddles over on the stringers, and by means of a lariat, one drew the horses from the farther side, while the other urged them into the stream on this side. Thus we got safely over, and were enabled to pursue our lonely way. Although houses were few in this part of Iowa at that time, we always found lodging under shelter. One night in the vicinity of the White Breast stream we stopped over night with a Mr. Wilson of perhaps threescore years, who with his wife had the year before come from the region of Savannah, Mo., taken a claim, and made a new start in frontier life. They had built a log cabin, and made some improvements, and entertained us right hospitably. From our host we learned of his experience the following:

In beginning a home with everything to be done, it is always wise to do first, what is most necessary. His team was an indispensable helper, yet at first he could feed his horses only by tying them out on the prairie at the end of a rope to graze. One morning he rose early to get his horses to go to mill, as they were about out of flour; and went out hatless, and lo! his horses were gone. By tracking them he ascertained the direction they had taken and hoped to find them in the next hollow. So he followed, lured on still by hope of seeing them from the top of the next rise. On and on he went—drawn by hope, and impelled by necessity; for what could he do without a team? He could not go to mill, and two persons would sooner starve on the little they had than would one, and so on he pushed hatless and coatless, in the dishabille in which he sallied forth in the morning. After many disappointments, hope of overtaking them began to fail; but as he was already far from his home, what better could he do than to follow on to the place, from which he had brought them? And so he did, and found them there, after a tramp of not less than one hundred and twenty-five miles, and most of the way across a trackless prairie.

Before reaching the Des Moines river we left the Mormon trail, and crossed the river at Eddyville on a ferryboat, which was propelled across by the force of the current.

At Fairfield we found a member of the Iowa legislature, and entrusted to him the petition sent by us from the Gentile mass meeting held in Wabonsie to the legislature, asking for the organization of a new county in southwestern Iowa. We found Hon. Mr. Baker, a member of the Iowa legislature, at work in his blacksmith shop, and as we asked an interview on business, he dropped his hammer, folded his arms, seated himself on his anvil, and gave audience. We presented the petition, related the circumstances in which it was drawn up, and requested him to bring the matter before the legislature at its next meeting. We understood him to promise that he would, but never heard from the papers afterward. After a lapse of many years, I incidentally met the same Mr. Baker in Council Bluffs, when on inquiring about the matter, he replied that he never presented the petition at all—that he took us to be Mormons, and considered the whole to be a Mormon device.

From Fairfield, passing through Mt. Pleasant, Burlington (where we ferried the Mississippi river), and Monmouth, we spent the Sabbath, and worshipped with a good Methodist brother, in a country place, about six miles south of Galesburg.

On Monday morning we passed on to Galesburg, called on Rev. Lucius H. Parker, and thence directed our course toward Granville in Putnam county, where we found my father, brother, sister and brother-in-law, Mr. French. As it was getting late in the season, and cold weather seemed imminent, we only stayed over night, and passed on in the morning. It had rained and snowed, so that the puddles along the road were frozen over. Near Valparaiso, Indiana, we passed the polling place, where a crowd was gathered holding the presidential election of November, 1848. Our third Sabbath on the way was spent at a hotel in Wheatland, Michigan. We attended service in a school house, where the writer preached in the evening. We found the road very bad through the

Maumee swamp, but in the course of the week we reached our homes in Ohio, without sickness, accident or any farther remarkable occurrence. Soon after, we met in public meeting at Oberlin, the friends interested in our enterprise, and presented a detailed statement of what we had learned about the country, and the feasibility of the contemplated settlement. Some thought favorably of the project and others unfavorably.

CHAPTER IV

INTERIM AND RETURN TO IOWA

ON THE writer's return to Ohio, his pastoral duties to the people of his charge in Clarksfield were resumed, and continued for about eighteen months longer. Meanwhile correspondence was kept up between the friends already in Iowa, and those in Ohio, who were interested in the success of the enterprise. No one, however, from Ohio joined those already in Iowa during the year 1849. But in the spring of 1850, Deacon John W. Smith, of Litchfield, and Deacon Josiah B. Hall, of Oberlin, Ohio, with their families joined the settlement at Percival, going by way of the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri rivers. In the same spring the writer's pastoral relations with the church in Clarksfield ceased. His household goods were packed and forwarded to Iowa in the care of Deacons Hall and Smith, while we, after sorrowful partings from those we had learned to love, and sad farewells, repaired to the residence of the writer's father-in-law, Judge Atkins in Cleveland, where we also had a numerous family meeting, which proved to most of that large family group a last meeting on earth, as but one now survives. As we were going to so remote a part of the country, it seemed like a last farewell. The writer too visited the place of his nativity, and looked once more upon the scenes of his childhood—the stone house—the barn where we played "hide and seek"—the old red pump where we so often slaked our thirst—the green meadow coursed by a rippling rill, where we so often sprinkled the bleaching cloths—the pasture where on the green hill-side the lambkins sportively played, while their dams quietly grazed by their side—the pond near by, the paradise of geese and ducks in *summer* and of skating boys and girls in *winter*, but a worse than Tartarus to the luckless hen that chanced to lead her bastard brood of ducklings too near its shore—there too was the orchard where we so often satiated our craving for fruit—there the garden, where currants and strawberries flourished, and where wise and honored parents so oft required of lazy boys the thorough cleaning out of a definite portion of weedy garden, before any playing could be allowed. They required it, and made their word good, and now their children rise up and call them blessed. How mistaken the notion that to let children have their own way is kindness! It is a downright curse!

The writer also passed on to New York, and visited Washington,—looked in upon the august legislators of this great nation—Webster, and Clay, and Benton and their compeers, he entered the White House, and stood by the side of President Taylor, only a short time before he died. From the center of national power, and wealth, and culture, and art, and refinement, he turned his face to the frontier of civilization.

As the friends in Iowa had expressed a wish that a teacher for their school should accompany the writer on his return, he accordingly obtained the consent of Miss Rachel Tucker (now Mrs. D. P. Matthews) to respond to that call. She accordingly joined us at Cleveland, where with wife and three children, we all embarked on a steamer for Detroit—thence by the Michigan Central railroad to Michigan City— thence by steamer across Lake Michigan to Chicago (then an insignificant village)—thence by Illinois and Michigan canal to LaSalle—thence by private conveyance to Granville, where we visited for several days, and saw father for the last time. Again we took steamer at Hennepin on the Illinois river, but the river was very low, and our progress was thereby very much retarded, so that, instead of reaching St. Louis before the Sabbath, as we were encouraged to expect, when Saturday evening came, we found ourselves many miles from the mouth of the Illinois river. Accordingly we were put ashore and stopped over the Sabbath, and not until Tuesday or Wednesday did we find a chance to re-embark. Did a proper regard for the Sabbath require this at our hands?

We reached St. Louis in safety, and were detained there several days before we found a boat, that would take us to our destination. We had the usual experience of a boat ascending the Missouri river, but had to contend with fewer obstructions, as there was a full stage of water. Although desiring to stop at Lambert's landing, the captain took us to Council Bluffs, and left us on his return the next day, July 1, 1850, at Lambert's landing. We were glad enough to find a stopping place. We found that a long and tiresome journey prepares the emigrant to be content with the necessary privations and hardships of a frontier settlement. Our friends greeted and welcomed us most cordially, and our meeting was the occasion of mutual gladness.

In the twenty months since Mr. Gaston's arrival much had been done, considering the few there were to do, and the inconveniences under which they labored. A house had been built for Mr. Gaston, a house for Mr. Adams, a house erected and enclosed for the minister when he should come, a school house also for the school, and a frame for a steam saw mill, and boiler room to receive the boiler, when the machinery already contracted for should arrive. A kiln of bricks had been made and burned, and a shingle factory had been started, and thousands of shingles been made, besides stables, barns, and sheds for stock. Many acres of land too had been broken and enclosed.

In Christian work too they had not been idle. A union church had been organized embracing most of the professed Christians of the neighborhood. A Sunday school had been started, and many of the people had been gathered into it. A well attended weekly prayer meeting was maintained. A temperance society was organized, and numbers in the community had been induced to sign the pledge for the first time. When the minister came among them, the various parts of the machinery for Christian work were already in operation. The first public service to which he was called was a Sunday school celebration of the Fourth of July, when he was called upon to address the children in the unfinished boiler room of the steam mill. Mrs. Platt had drilled and prepared the children to sing on the occasion, which they did with great spirit and enthusiasm. After the public exercises a picnic or basket dinner was discussed by the assembled throng. Though comparatively a day of small things, it was a great day to many—a day such as they never had seen before.

CHAPTER V

GETTING INTO THE WORK

ALTHOUGH a log house had been raised and roofed for the minister before his arrival, it was not in a state to be occupied. There was neither floor nor door in it. Mr. Gaston's house was not completed, but such accommodations as it afforded were willingly shared with the minister and his family, until his own home could be made tenantable. A chamber floored by a few loose boards formed his sleeping apartment, and the forest near by, his study, so that he lacked not for ventilation by night, or by day. Soon, however, practicable measures were taken to finish the parsonage. No pine lumber was attainable in the region anywhere, and no lumber of any kind nearer than 25 miles, and only a little and at favored times could be had as near as that. Consequently Mr. Gaston and Mr. Adams with some others to assist repaired to the woods with team and tools, selected and felled a free splitting cottonwood tree, sawed it into pieces of about six feet in length, which were then split into slabs or puncheons, as like heavy plank as they could be made by splitting. These were drawn to the parsonage, a mile or more distant, where by a little ingenuity, they were set and firmly held on their edge, until one side was smoothed with a broadax. These, when properly placed upon the sleepers, formed a passably good floor. A doorway was also cut, a door frame inserted and a door hung, and the house was ready for the parson.

Owing to the late hour of its completion and our desire to relieve our friends, and get into improved quarters, we moved into our new house late Saturday evening. The three children had gone to sleep, and were stowed away for the night, while we, their parents, devoted ourselves industriously to arranging our household effects, so that we might keep the Sabbath in a Christian way. We had provided ourselves with mosquito bars and fixtures, but supposed that in a new house, we might pass at least two nights without them. But very soon, restlessness on the part of the children, and an occasional outcry assured us that the enemy had already gained entrance, and demanded immediate attention. Not until we had surrounded our bed with mosquito bars, and driven out the invaders, did we dare to retire. Persons of the present day can form little idea of the annoyance produced by these insignificant pests, in those early days—insignificant in size but formidable in numbers. The usual prairie breezes kept them down in the tall grass, but in a calm sultry evening it was amusing to see milking done. It was a brush with both hands about the face and ears—then a hasty draw from the cow's udder—these movements alternating with great regularity until the work was done. Sometimes it was with difficulty that respiration was performed without inhaling mosquitos. Indeed, in some calm afternoons they would rise from the grass so numerous and dense as to cast a haze over the sun. They were of a prolific and sturdy species. "A great many of them would weigh a pound," and if they did not sit on the trees and bark, it was because there were no trees there. During that first summer the building of a mosquito smoke toward evening became a daily necessity. Nor would these sacrilegious pests hesitate to break in upon our devotional hours. We often found it necessary in our weekly prayer meetings to watch and fight as well as pray, and not infrequently would be heard between the ascending petitions the sweep or brush of the hand to drive away the assailing foe.

But the hot season soon passed by and the bracing winds of autumn began to whistle around our dwellings. Many were looking anxiously for the steam saw mill in expectation, that they might obtain the lumber needed to make their homes comfortable for the approaching winter. The parsonage was no exception. High enough for a story and a half, it was open from puncheon floor to the shingles on the roof, and a Stuart cooking stove, that freezes the cook, could do little toward warming properly such a house. Lumber was not obtained until late in December—not until it had become so cold that the water in our glasses at table actually froze over, while we were eating (for adhering still to our Oberlin principles we used neither tea nor coffee). Our table too was as near the stove as we could place it, and the stove as hot as we could make it. The weather was very cold. The piercing prairie winds had come down upon us in their fury, as if to destroy us. But the cold relaxed. Lumber was obtained. A floor overhead narrowed the space to be warmed, and we were more comfortable. The minister's study was the common family room. Two holes were bored in a log on the north side, at a proper height and incline, in these two wooden pins were inserted, and across these a puncheon was fastened. This was the writing desk, but, as in cold weather, this was too far from the stove to be comfortable, the parson seated himself by the stove, and with portfolio on his lap and inkstand on the stove or on the lid of some pot, there prepared his sermons. As the puncheon floor became seasoned, the children were greatly annoyed by the sudden disappearance of their playthings down the cracks. After adjusting matters around home and providing for the comfort and welfare of the family, arrangements were made for holding religious services abroad.

About 1849 when the wonderful stories of rich gold mines in California had crazed so many, a company of emigrants set out from Bureau county, Illinois, to cross the plains, consisting of father and mother Clark, stepson Barnes and family, two daughters, Mary and Cordelia, and their husbands Tozier and Martin, two sons, Ambrose and George, and their wives, and one unmarried son, James—thirteen adults in all, for California across the plains, but having started too late in the season to reach their destination, stopped to winter on the east bank of the Missouri river, at a point opposite the mouth of the Big Platte river. There they laid out a town calling it California City. (In later years it was known as Florence.) As a company they never went farther. At that point regular appointments were made. Several of the company were professing Christians, others became interested and a little church was formed which existed for a number of years until several died, some moved away, the location went into the river and other points attracted the people.

At Trader's Point, 8 miles farther north and nearly east of Belleview in Nebraska, a place of 35 or 40 buildings, another appointment was made. Still another on Honey Creek, 18 miles above Council Bluffs. Another at Stutsman's Mills on the West Nishnabotna. Again in Cutler's camp on Silver Creek, not very distant from Silver City. There were appointments also on High Creek, and at Linden in Missouri. Glenwoood and Sidney had then no existence. Sidney was selected for the county seat in the summer of 1851, but had only a pole with the stars and stripes flying therefrom to mark the site selected. No buildings were erected on the site until the latter part of that summer.

The steam mill did not reach the settlement on the Missouri bottom until December, and was so far from complete in its parts that it was a source of great vexation all winter. The man, Mr. Lyons, sent out to set it up, could not make it work satisfactorily. It produced some lumber, but at a dear rate. Every repair was made at a great disadvantage so remote from all machine shops.

Since in the unorganized state of our county, there was no legally recognized school district, or established public school, some of the neighbors on the bottom friendly to education co-operated, and erected a comfortable log school house about the year 1849. In this a flourishing school, embracing most of the children of school age in the vicinity, was in successful progress in 1850, under Mrs. E. G. Platt as teacher. In the autumn of that year a colored family by the name of Garner came into the neighborhood, who had been known to

Dr. I. D. Blanchard when in Kansas. They had been industrious and economical and bought their freedom and came to a free state to enjoy it. The children of this family were of course invited to attend both day school and Sunday school, and as they accepted the invitation, immediately up bounded the race question, which was soon practically solved by the incendiary burning of the school house, the only place in the entire settlement where either school or meeting could be held. Such was the sentiment of the executive officers of the county, and the laws of the state too, that this family was required to give bonds that they would not become a charge to the county, before they could become residents of the same. I. D. Blanchard and G. B. Gaston became their bondsmen.

A case of Asiatic cholera occurred on the boat on which the parson and his family ascended the river from St. Louis in June, 1850. In July or August of that year there were several fatal cases in our settlement. Squire Lambert and his wife both died of it, and were interred by night. None who practiced total abstinence were attacked by it.

In 1851, about the time when the June rise in the Missouri river had filled its banks, we were visited with frequent heavy rains attended by sharp lightning and heavy thunder. The rains came usually in the night and often the flash of lightning was immediately followed by the thunder, quick, short, and sharp, like the explosion of a cannon. The streams from the bluffs swollen by the rains poured large quantities of water into the bottom, where meeting the overflow from the river they spread out over a large part of the lowland. It could not, however, be seen, on account of the tall green grass, which at this season completely covered the Missouri bottom. From the roof of a barn on which the parson had just been working, there was as fine a view of the surrounding region as he had ever had. Northward and southward as far as the eye could reach was one sea of waving green. Eastward it was bounded by the bluffs, and westward by the forest along the river. The land of Canaan never furnished to Abraham such a view as this. But things seen are not always what they appear to be. On a bright Saturday afternoon in June, 1851, our itinerant set out on horseback for Linden, Missouri, to fill his appointment at that place the next day. All was dry and pleasant around home and no indication of anything unusual ahead. He accordingly mounted his horse, and followed south along the sand ridge, on which the road ran for a mile or two until it struck across the bottom. On leaving the ridge, he had gone but a few rods before he found himself in water, four or five feet deep, with water nearly across the entire bottom, as the sequel proved, varying in depth from a few inches to half way up the sides of the horse. As the water made traveling faster than a walk impracticable, you can easily see, without much exercise of the imagination, that your itinerant had plenty of time leisurely to survey his position and prospects, while plodding his way over that not less than five miles of flooded bottom, perched much of the time like a monkey in the saddle to avoid the submerging of his nether extremities. The Missouri bottom safely passed, and Argyle's ferry on the Nishnabotna soon reached, that bottom too was found overflowed. The ferryman, however, promptly rowed his passenger over the river channel, and disembarked him in the overflowing waters on the other side, through which he slowly made his way for yet perhaps a quarter of a mile, directed by signals from the ferryman as the engineer is guided by signals from the brakeman. Once more safely on dry land the itinerant pushed on through McKissick's Grove toward Linden, but as the high waters had hindered the travel, Linden could not be reached that night, and so lodging and entertainment were kindly and generously afforded at Squire Thomas Farmer's in McKissick's Grove. The parson was ushered into a spacious, well finished room, with a small bright fire in the fire place, surmounted by a mantlepiece on which stood a bright lamp, and not a mosquito either seen or heard. This led him to reflect upon the comparative desirableness of life on the Missouri bottom, and in the bluffs. In the bottom we had no peace of our lives in the evening, and never ventured to strike a light, unless prepared to take refuge under mosquito bars. Here he could sit by the burning lamp and an open fire, which recent rains and a cool evening rendered very agreeable, and nothing to annoy or molest. What a contrast! How deeply he felt it!

The sun rose bright and clear next morning. The parson hasted forward to Linden and High Creek, filled his appointments, and effected a safe return home on Monday; but from that time the Missouri river bottom has never seemed to him the place to locate a College, and henceforth there was a strong disposition to take higher ground. In this Brothers Gaston and Adams were of the same mind.

Independence day was now near, and was observed by us in a Sabbath school picnic in Beattie's Grove, Lawyer Ford being orator of the day, and J. Todd to address the children. The former though present refused to speak, so that an address to the children, with some appropriate songs by them, constituted the services of that occasion.

As Sidney had been selected as the site for the county seat, in the summer of 1851, as soon as the road across the bottom became practicable, and lumber could be obtained, building on the town site commenced. In the after part of the summer, Rev. Wm. Simpson, of the M. E. church, with his family migrated to, and located at, Council Bluffs, and took charge of the Council Bluffs M. E. mission. In the fall Rev. G. G. Rice, of the American Home Missionary society, took up his residence at the same place with his family.

The overflowed portions of the bottom proved to be good fishing ground. Two of our young men went out one morning equipped with pitchforks for spears, and a horse and sack to carry the fish. In a few hours they had caught as many buffalo fish, as they could carry home. They were able to follow them by the moving of the tops of the tall grass, as they wriggled their way through the water. But in the after part of the summer, as the waters began to dry up, malarial fever prevailed all along up and down the river. Very few escaped. Quinine was a common specific, and was prescribed by physicians, until the supply was exhausted. None could be had at Kanesville, St. Joe, or any of the towns around. Dr. Blanchard, as a dernier resort, and taking a hint from the Medical Journal, prescribed for his patients chloride of sodium (common salt). Three teaspoonfuls were deemed a dose, and cures were effected thereby.

As the Missouri bottom was no longer a satisfactory site to a number of the people of our settlement, various tours were taken at intervals during the summer, in search of a more eligible location. Cutler's camp on Silver Creek was looked over. Big Grove in Pottawattamie county was considered. Several points in Harrison county were visited and discussed. Finally the present site of Tabor was decided upon, and accordingly G. B. Gaston, S. H. Adams and John Todd, with their families came to this vicinity in April, 1852. When Rev. Wm. Simpson of the M. E. church, a worthy and esteemed brother, came to Civil Bend in the discharge of his duties, he came to see the writer, and in his social, fraternal manner accosted me thus: "Brother Todd, if you have got any Methodists among your people here, they belong to me." This rather relaxed the hope I had fondly cherished, that I might be able to unite in one organization, all the Christians of any given neighborhood. But we had no unpleasant words or hard feelings. He on invitation consented to co-operate in a protracted meeting in Civil Bend in the winter of 1851-52, on the express condition that he should be permitted to say "Amen" as often and as loud as he chose. This privilege was very willingly granted him and a series of meetings was held to the edification of Christians and conversion of sinners.

In coming to the vicinity of Tabor, a footing was obtained by Brother Gaston buying a timber claim of Mr. Buchler, and J. Todd buying out Mr. Frederick Argyle, who had a timber claim with two log cabins, about two miles southwest of Tabor. One of these cabins was fitted up for a school house, and in it Mrs. M. A. Todd taught the first school ever taught in Ross township. In the summer of 1852 Mr. Gaston and Mr. Adams erected the first two houses built in Tabor—Mr. Gaston's situated on the southeast corner of Park and Orange streets, now (1891) occupied by Henry Starrett, and Mr. Adams' forming part of Mr. J. L. Smith's barn and woodshed.

During the summer of 1852, Sunday school and public services were held under the shade of a basswood tree near the pastor's log cabin in fair weather and in the cabin in foul weather. There on the 12th of October of the same year, the Tabor Congregational church was formally organized, with the following members: Geo. B. Gaston, Maria C. Gaston, A. C. Gaston, Alonzo M. Gaston, Sam'l H. Adams, Caroline M. Adams, John Todd, and Martha A. Todd. Rev. G. G. Rice of Council Bluffs was present by invitation, and preached on the occasion from 1 Cor. 2:5, "That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." A weekly prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, a missionary concert on the first Monday evening of each month, and an anti-slavery concert on the last Monday evening of each month, were maintained from the beginning—the last of these was kept up until emancipation by proclamation of President Abraham Lincoln, when a jubilee of praise and thanksgiving terminated its observance.

In June, 1852, a county Washingtonian Temperance Society was organized at Sidney, which held quarterly meetings in the county, and was kept alive and running for about twenty years, mainly by the people of Civil Bend and Tabor.

Having now taken higher ground, friends from the east began to join us. In the spring of 1853, Deacon Origen Cummings and family, and Abbie, his sister, Wm. J. Gates and family, Jesse West and family, John Hallam and Joseph Munsinger landed at Civil Bend, on the 15th day of May. S. R. Pearse and Jas. K. Gaston came also in 1853.

As the parson had brought with him the preceding spring a red cow of strong attachments to luxurious living, and tenacious memory of good grazing, no sooner had the vernal showers and balmy breezes awakened to life and fragrance the pastures along the river, than she broke away from her accustomed range and set out for the "Bend," taking her companions with her, thus leaving her owner and his family on short rations. In this plight was the parson on the morning after the landing of the friends at the " Bend." Accordingly, as he then owned no horse, he set out early that morning on foot, with staff in hand, to recover his fugitive cows. Civil Bend was twenty miles distant, and on the Missouri bottom were several sloughs or ponds to be crossed, which required of the pedestrian the removal of boots and hose, and their replacement on the other side. Just as the parson had made one of these crossings and was in the act of adjusting his apparel, Deacon O. Cummings and wife drove up, on their way to Tabor to announce the arrival of their company. After a most cordial greeting and mutual congratulations, the parson trudged on, recovered his strays, and reached home again in good season the same evening, having walked forty miles and driven his cows twenty.

CHAPTER VI

INCIDENTS BY THE WAY

THE FIRST GRIEF

JAMES GATES, oldest son of Wm. J. and Emily P. Gates, was so unwell at the time of their landing that they remained with him for a few days at Lester W. Platt's, hoping he might recover. But instead of improving, he grew worse, died five days after their landing, and was brought to Tabor for burial. There was no burying ground then agreed upon, and he was buried, temporarily, near where Mrs. Kempton's house now stands. The loss of a loved child is *always* trying to parents' hearts, but *circumstances* often add greatly to the trial. If sickness must come, who would not choose to be sick at home? But this came when they were without a home—strangers in a strange land! They were not without friends, but necessarily without many of the comforts they had left behind. Their prospects were shrouded in gloom by this bereavement. They came first to Tabor to bury their first-born son.

WORTH OF HALF A DOLLAR

Escape from the overflowed bottom to the highlands around the sources of Plum Creek, leaving all the improvement of years behind, necessarily curtailed the resources of the escaping families, so that during the ensuing summer the parson's larder grew lean, and his barrel of flour failed, and the bill of fare became brief and simple—fried mush and cream for breakfast, Johnny cake and butter for dinner, and mush and milk for supper. This all went very well. Sleep was sweet and refreshing, digestion was good, parents were well, and children hearty and strong. But the meal sack became exhausted, and this were a trivial matter, had not the money failed first. Brother Gaston had so often befriended the parson that he was very reluctant to trouble him farther, or let him know his strait. Had he known, he would, if necessary, have generously shared his last flapjack. But the petition was offered with increased fervor, "Give us this day our daily bread," nor was there any disposition to spiritualize it either.

Just at this crisis, God sent along (the now sainted) Abbie Walton, who, without any *earthly* reason, gave Brother Gaston half a dollar for the parson. She owed him nothing, but he accepted it as a real godsend, as it was; and jumping astride Old Queen, with an empty sack but replenished purse, he hasted to Squire Wright's—a mile or two south of Thurman—bought two bushels of corn, shelled it with his own hands, got it ground at Leeka's mill on his return, and he and his went in the strength of that meal many days. No other fifty cents ever proved so valuable to the parson as that fifty. Never was there a half dollar to him like that. It drove the howling wolf from the door. It bridged the yawning chasm, and all passed safely on their way.

OLD QUEEN

Since I have mentioned "Old Queen," let me explain. For some time after coming to Iowa the parson was dependent on his brethren for a horse to get to his appointments. Brother Gaston sent a letter to some friends in Oberlin informing them of the parson's need of a horse. They, in the true Oberlin spirit, circulated a subscription paper, raised and sent about seventy dollars to enable him to obtain a horse. With that money, Queen, a clay-bank colored mare, better to ride than to do hard work, was bought of Lester W. Platt.

Brothers Gaston and Adams built and moved into their houses in the village of Tabor during the summer of 1852. The parson, whose house was the third one built, occupied his in August, 1853. Jas. L. Smith visited Tabor in June, 1853, and came with his family across the state in the autumn of the same year, bringing with them Loren Hume and Wm. L. Clark. During the same season Darius P. Matthews and family removed from Percival to Tabor.

From August, 1853, until November, 1854, public religious services were held in Brother Gaston's (Henry M. Starrett's) house, on the southeast corner of Orange and Park streets. From November 24th, 1854, till the autumn of 1860 the place of meeting was the school house on the northeast corner of Center and Elm streets (now forming part of Mr. Webb's residence). From 1860 to 1865 the College chapel, in its original size and form, on the northwest corner of Center and Elm streets, furnished the place of meeting; and from 1865 for ten years, the chapel in its present size afforded the place of worship.

INCIDENTS OF 1854

The year 1854 opened Nebraska for settlement, and many crossed the river from Iowa and took claims there. There were a number of accessions to the people of Tabor that year. In the spring came Jonas Jones and family, Wm. Madison and family, Isaac Townsend and family, Mrs. Ruth V. Webster and family, and Judge Q. F. Atkins, of Cleveland, Ohio, father of the parson's wife, came along to visit his daughter and family. He returned in a few weeks to Ohio. Egbert Avery and Marcus T. Spees came on foot across the state in the fall of 1853, and the former returned to Ohio and brought his wife with him in October, 1854, but stopped for a time at Percival. There were here early in 1854 also John West, M. P. Clark, L. A. Matthews, L. T. Matthews, O. B. Clark, Merrick W. Thayer and J. L. Hunter. Wm. R. Shepherdson was among us as carpenter and joiner. Jonas Jones, as requested, brought with him our present bell—the first that ever on this western slope summoned human beings to the place of worship, or called redeemed sinners to the work of praise and prayer. It was soon suspended on a temporary frame at the corner of Orange and Park streets and at once brought into service. To those from Oberlin it seemed the duplicate of the Oberlin College bell, and its familiar tones unlocked the cells of memory, and waked the echoes of other days. But when the novel sound began to penetrate the neighborhood, fears were expressed that it would frighten all the chickens in the vicinity off their roosts.

In those days our community was about as near a pure democracy as is ever found. Whenever any project was up of public concern, a public meeting was called, and the matter deliberated upon in open assembly. Conclusions reached were usually unanimous or nearly so, and each one seemed eager to do his part toward the general welfare. The work of 1854 was to build a school house. The people, therefore, were called together in February and a subscription paper started. Nineteen, nearly or quite all the men in the place at that time, subscribed cash or work. The subscriptions ranged from five to fifty dollars, and footed up four hundred dollars and eighty cents—that to begin with. The house was built on the northeast corner of Center and Elm streets, where it stood for about twenty-five years. On its roof hung our bell, on a little frame, for many a day, ready to summon the citizens to worship, which a jolly York state cousin coming along assured us looked like a turkey on a sawbuck. During the winter of 1853-4 Jas. L. Smith taught the first school ever taught in Tabor in the northwest room in Mr. Starrett's house (then Mr. Gaston's). As the school house was completed in the autumn of 1854, a school was taught in it the following winter by the parson. When, in 1852, Deacon Cummings came to Tabor, he brought for the parson a trunk of clothing from friends in Clarksfield, Ohio, as far as Tipton, and for want of public conveyances across the state, it was left there. In November of 1854 the parson crossed the state with his buggy and procured the trunk; and although absent but about a fortnight, his nine months old son, supposed to be as well as usual when his father started, was in his grave when he returned. Little David had sickened and died in so brief a time! Yet who will say that our heavenly Father, in whose hands our breath is, and whose are all our ways, is any less a God of love?

A committee was appointed in May of this year to plat the village of Tabor, but other things engaged public attention, and the survey was deferred till 1857.

INCIDENTS OF 1855-6

In June of this year the parson's wife revisited friends in Ohio. The parson attended the state association at Burlington for the first time. He and his wife crossed the state in an open buggy, she going on to Ohio, while he attended association. He there met Robert H. Hurlbutt on his way to Tabor to "look," and brought him home with him. L. B. Hill and L. E. Webb came out the same season on the same errand. Hill and Hurlbutt both went back to Ohio, and returned again in the following year, bringing their families and goods across the state. Mrs. Esther Hill and family accompanied her son, L. B. Hill, and Chas. Lawrence drove one of Mr. Hurlbutt's teams. B. F. Gardner and family came in the fall of 1855, and B. F. Ladd and family about the same time. I. Hollister joined us in January, 1856, and I. C. Lyman the same year. H. D. Ingraham appeared among us not far from this time, also M. C. Pearse and J. L. Hunter.

At this time our connection with the outside world was mainly through a stage coach, which ran between Council Bluffs and St. Joe regularly, passing through Tabor daily each way, carrying the mail and passengers.

Our place obtained its name in this way. When we asked the department at Washington for a postoffice, not knowing what names were already appropriated in our state, we sent on several, arranged in the order in which we preferred them. Osceola was placed first, and some others before Tabor. But when the office was granted it was called " Tabor." We afterward learned that Osceola was the county seat of Clarke county. So our little " burg " was named Tabor. The postoffice was granted, and Jesse West was the first postmaster.

At first our prairie country was so open and the wind so strong that it was not deemed safe to build a higher than a story and a half house, and Jonas Jones erected the first two-story house in Tabor, on the northeast corner of Center and Orange streets, now the residence of President Brooks; and the posts of that were shortened after the timbers had been procured.

CHAPTER VII

KANSAS TROUBLES

THE repeal of the Missouri compromise line, and the opening to settlement of the territory west of Missouri and Iowa, soon presented the "irrepressible conflict"—the struggle between freedom and slavery—in a new form.* Said Wm. H. Seward in the United States senate in 1854, "Come on, then, gentlemen of the slave states; since there is no escaping your challenge, I accept it in behalf of Freedom. We will engage in competition for the virgin soil of Kansas, and God give the victory to the side that is stronger in numbers, as it is in right."

No sooner was it known that Kansas was open for settlement than hundreds from Missouri crossed into the territory and took claims, and held squatter meetings, and then returned to their homes, after adopting such resolutions as the following:

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*The following notice was found among my father's papers in his handwriting, and I recall hearing that those who attended were greeted by the proslavery rabble in a way characteristic of those times, viz., with stale eggs. J. E. T.

ATTENTION ALL!

A meeting of the Antislavery friends of Fremont County will be held in Sidney on Sat. Sep. 15, 1855, at 11 o'clock A. M.

All interested in resisting the encroachments of American slavery are invited to attend.

Addresses alternating with appropriate music may be expected on the occasion.

Sidney, Sep. 1, 1855.

"That we will afford protection to no abolitionist as a settler of this territory.

"That we recognize the institution of slavery, as already existing in this territory, and advise slaveholders to introduce their property as early as possible."

Governor Reeder arrived in the territory in October, 1854, and November 29th of the same year the first election was held, at which a delegate to Congress was chosen. At this election 1,700 illegal votes were cast. On the 30th of March, 1855, the members of the territorial legislature were elected. On this occasion not less than 5,000 Missourians invaded the territory. According to the statement of the Congressional Committee's report, there were at this election 4,908 illegal votes cast, and of course slavery carried.

The state of excitement in western Missouri may be seen from the following extract from a speech at St. Joe by Gen. Stringfellow (an assumed title) in 1854:

"I tell you to mark every scoundrel among you who is the least tainted with abolitionism, or free-soilism, and exterminate him. Neither give nor take quarter from the d—d rascals. To those who have qualms of conscience as to violating laws, state or national, I say the time has come when such impositions must be disregarded, as your rights and property are in danger. I advise you, one and all, to enter every election district in Kansas, in defiance of Reeder and his myrmidons, and vote at the point of the bowie knife and revolver. Neither take nor give quarter, as the cause demands it. It is enough that the slaveholding interest wills it, from which there is no appeal."

David R. Atchison, senator in Congress from Missouri, was actively urging on the "ruffians" by counsel, speech and pen. Blue lodges were formed in all the western counties in Missouri to help forward the cause. Organizations were formed in the several slave states, and companies of men sent forward.

There were also free state organizations to aid in sending forward emigrants, the principal of which were "The American Settlement Company" and "The New England Emigrant Aid Company." The thoroughfare into the territory was up the river by boat, or by private conveyance across the state, so that it was in the power of Missourians to greatly annoy emigrants, and this power they did not fail to exercise. Emigrants from the north were driven back; they were tarred and feathered; their claims were seized; their cabins were burned down; they were often ordered to leave the territory at once, on penalty of death.

Steamboats on the river were searched for free state men, and if any were found, they were forcibly turned back. Men were placed in skiffs in the river current, without oars, and sent adrift. Ferries were watched, and free state men prevented from crossing into the territory.

To determine whether any one was Yankee or not, he was required to say "cow," and if he said "keow," he could not cross. Such was the determined hostility to free state men, that the route to Kansas via Missouri was barricaded against them, and they were obliged to seek a new way through the free states.

That we may the better understand and appreciate the occurrences of 1856, let us briefly review the events in Kansas prior to this year.

1. The Kansas-Nebraska bill was passed by Congress near the last of May, 1854.

2. The first company of eastern emigrants, guided by Chas. Branscomb, numbering thirty, entered the territory and settled at Lawrence in July, 1854.

3. Two weeks later they were joined by a second and larger company of sixty or seventy, with whom came Dr. Chas. Robinson and S. C. Pomeroy.

4. Gov. A. H. Reeder entered Kansas and assumed rule in October, 1854.

5. Hundreds from Missouri crossed over into Kansas and took claims as soon as it was known to be open to settlement, some of whom remained, but many returned to Missouri, where was their real residence.

6. Gen. Whitfield was elected territorial delegate to Congress, November 29, 1854, at which election 1,729 illegal votes were cast, which were about three-fifths of the whole number. (See report of the Congressional Investigating Committee.)

7. The election for territorial legislature occurred March 30, 1855, when 4,908 illegal votes were cast, or two-thirds of all. Many of the members elected were Missourians, and never had any legal residence in the territory, and some of them were refused certificates of election by Gov. Reeder, who in consequence became unpopular and was superseded by Wilson Shannon in the summer of 1855.

8. The bogus legislature, so called because illegally elected, held its first session in July, 1855, and enacted a very stringent pro-slavery code of laws for the territory. The free state settlers elected a legislature early in September, 1855, which met at Topeka on the 19th, adopted a declaration of rights, and provided for the election of delegates to Congress, on the 2d Tuesday of October, 1855. Ex-Governor Reeder was nominated

as a delegate to Congress, and accepted the nomination in a speech on the occasion. Chas. Robinson was recognized by the free state organization as governor.

At this time, the United States government recognized the bogus legislature and their laws as authoritative. The government insisted on obedience to the same. The United States marshal, with United States troops at his back, and as many thousands of Missourians as he might think proper to employ as a posse, eagerly sought to enforce obedience. Thus all the governmental power was on the side of the pro-slavery ruffians. Soon charges were trumped up against the leading free state men, and papers issued for their arrest, and placed in the hands of the United States marshal to be served. Thus the pro-slavery party was shielded by the power of the general government, while the free state men were exposed to wrong and abuse without any redress.

The free state constitutional convention assembled at Topeka on the 23d of October, 1855, and proceeded to form a state constitution preparatory to applying for admission to the Union. November 21, 1855, Dow, a free state settler at Hickory Point, was brutally shot by a ruffian named Coleman. Branson, with whom Dow had lived, was arrested shortly after by Missouri ruffians, taken from his bed at dead of night, and carried off on a trumped-up charge, but taken from his captors by free state friends. The United States marshal, Jones, of Missouri, had thought to take Branson into Lawrence to induce the people of that place to forcibly release him and thus afford a pretext for destroying Lawrence, the stronghold of the free state cause. About the last of November or first of December, Lawrence was besieged by 1,500 or 2,000 "border ruffians" for a week or two. The ruffians were eager to destroy Lawrence, but feared to do so without a sufficient pretext. Governor Shannon on coming to Lawrence saw his mistake. The free state men were armed in self defense—a conceded right. The governor saw they were not the lawless cut-throats their enemies had represented them to be. Governor Robinson and General Lane were called upon to protect the people in their rights, and the governor recognized them as the territorial militia and they acted as such under his command. The "border ruffians" were determined to drive out the free state settlers, and the free state men were as fully determined not to be driven out, so that a very unsatisfactory state of things existed in the territory. Human life and property were very insecure, murders were frequent, houses were robbed and burned. By a shrewd device, Capt. John Brown, as a government surveyor, entered the camp of the enemy and learned their plans for murdering the Browns and others who were obnoxious to them. He immediately informed the parties thus devoted to death, and took measures to prevent the carrying out of the plan, by taking the initiative. On the night of the 24th of May, 1856, the three Doyles, Wilkinson and Sherman were slain.

About May 10, 1856, Gov. Chas. Robinson and wife started east, by boat down the river. At Lexington, Mo., they were violently and illegally seized by a mob of Missourians. He was held as a prisoner, while his estimable wife was permitted to go on her way. Shortly after Gov. Chas. Robinson left Lawrence, ex-Governor Reeder was also induced to leave. He made his escape from his enemies by going down the river in the disguise of a boatman.

Companies of emigrants from Illinois, traveling in their own wagons through northern Missouri, were turned back from guarded ferries on the Missouri, and compelled to retrace their course. The blockade of the river rendered it necessary to seek some other way of ingress into the territory. Accordingly in the forepart of the summer of 1856, in May or June, a small company, led by Dr. Howe, of the blind institution in Boston, coming from Kansas across the country via Nebraska City, made their appearance in Tabor. This, I think, was the beginning of the travel of free state men through Tabor.

This company, which was engaged in locating a road for free state men, were anxious to find Colonel Dickey with a company from the east, whom they were expecting to meet in this vicinity. Strangers as they were, and in need of a guide, the parson volunteered to escort them to White Cloud. Leaving Tabor a little before dark in the evening, we found Colonel Dickey about 10 o'clock p. m. at the residence of Mr. Hargan in White Cloud. From this time onward through that season, Tabor, being the nearest point to Kansas, where all the people were in full sympathy with the free state movement, was made a place of deposit for military and commissary stores. Our latchstrings were always out, and much of the time our houses, and granaries, and hay mows were occupied. Provisions were plenty and free, and without price. Persons were passing through almost daily, alone or in companies. Some noted personages were among the number—Rev. Bodwell, afterward pastor in Topeka; Rev. Parsons, a home missionary; T. W. Higginson, afterward colonel of a colored regiment; Dr. Cutter and wife, author of Cutter's Physiology, so much used in our common schools; S. C. Pomeroy and James H. Lane, senators from Kansas after its admission to the Union as a state. Capt. John Brown was here repeatedly for a brief time, and a number of colonels, captains, majors, etc., etc.

April 21, 1856, a Republican political organization was formed under the leadership of Richard Baxter Foster, then employed in running a steam saw mill in the Missouri bottoms, afterward an officer in a colored regiment in the Rebellion, and since then an efficient and successful Congregational minister in Kansas and Colorado. This was the beginning of Republicanism in Tabor.

We have already seen that Lawrence was besieged in the early part of December for ten days or more by fifteen hundred or two thousand proslavery Missourians, as a United States marshal's posse, to serve arrests on citizens of that place. They sought a pretext to destroy the place, but were thwarted and disbanded, through the action of Governor Shannon, the people of Lawrence, through their leaders, promising submission to the lawfully constituted authorities of the territory. But the free state settlers must be driven out if slavery would succeed, and hostilities were kept up. Murders were still being committed by both parties on each other. A very unsettled and unsafe state of society existed. Hundreds of "border ruffians," well armed, with four pieces of artillery, led by United States Marshal Jones, surrounded Lawrence, served writs on a number of citizens without resistance, then demanded that all the cannon and Sharps rifles be given up. The cannon were surrendered—one 12-pounder brass cannon and four 1-pound breech loading guns. The Sharps rifles could not be delivered up; they were private property. When they had disarmed the citizens, they then brought their forces into the city, destroyed the printing presses of the two free state papers, battered the brick free state hotel with cannon, and burnt it to ashes. In addition, private houses were broken into, and money and valuables carried off. Thus the ruffians vented their hatred on the people of Lawrence on the 21st of May, 1856. Because Gen. Jas. H. Lane and Gov. Chas. Robinson and the committee of safety wouldn't fight, Captain Brown left Lawrence to its fate. He was not there to witness its sacking. After this onslaught upon Lawrence, Colonel Eldridge, the proprietor of the Free State hotel, passed through Tabor on his way to New England for reinforcements. Major Searles also was at Mr. Gaston's some time, in charge of stores deposited there.

About the end of May, Capt. H. Clay Pate, a Virginian, set out from Westport, Mo., with an armed force for the avowed purpose of arresting "Old Brown." While near Ossawatomie, he took John Brown, Jr., and Jason, his brother, prisoners, while quietly at work, and carried them off, cruelly treating them, and afterward transferring them to the care of the United States forces. June 2d the battle of Black Jack was fought, and Captain

Pate, with twenty-one men, was captured by Captain Brown. On the 7th one hundred and seventy of Whitfield's men, led by Reid, who had promised to disperse, sacked Ossawatomie. The free state legislature met at Topeka on the 4th of July, 1856, and was forcibly dispersed by Colonel Sumner, at the head of a troop of the United States army, acting under orders of the general government.

In consequence of hostilities existing in Kansas, and not knowing how soon they might extend to the neighboring states, the people of Tabor called a citizens' meeting, and organized a military company, of which G. B. Gaston was chosen captain, Mortimer P. Clark first lieutenant, and E. S. Hill second lieutenant. A committee was appointed to apply to the state authorities for arms, and also to procure music for the company.

KANSAS TROUBLES IN 1856

During the summer of 1856, General Lane was repeatedly in Tabor. The first time he was here for two or three weeks "incog." He addressed the citizens once or twice in the school house, on Kansas matters, and on politics. He came in and spoke and then retired without the people generally knowing where he had gone. He bought a fine cream colored horse of Robert H. Hurlbutt, that was an uncommonly fast walker, on which he rode through the wars of Kansas. He entered Kansas early in August, with a company of emigrants, by way of Tabor. Also Captain Brown, who had brought a sick son and a wounded son-in-law up to Tabor for treatment and safety, returned to Lawrence with Lane. So prominent a part did General Lane and Captain Brown take in military operations, in protecting free state men and punishing "border ruffians," that they became especially obnoxious to the general government, and all their appointees in the territory. The federal troops were employed to disperse their forces and arrest the commanders. On one occasion they were reconnoitering in the northern part of the territory toward the Nebraska line, to intercept General Lane, who was reported to be coming in with an armed force, when the general pushed forward in advance of his company, artfully disguised himself as a Mexican "greaser," joined the crowd, and aided in searching for himself, without being detected, while his company under the lead of another, by forced marches, successfully evaded their pursuers and safely reached their destination.

Rumors reached us about midsummer that five hundred men were camped on the north line to prevent free state men from entering the territory. Three brothers, Enoch, Everett and Luther, whose surname was Platt, from Minden, Ill., had come on and were by these rumors deterred from going farther, until a sufficient number of emigrants could collect to challenge respect and force their way into the territory. These were a fine type of emigrants, intelligent, active and ready to do every good work. The parson was then building his barn and they helped to enclose it and put on the roof. Luther, the youngest, had a violin which he was fond of playing, and he gathered in the children of the community and taught them to sing, and entertained them with music and addresses. Since then he has been promoted to the office of Congregational State Sunday School Secretary for Kansas.

Emigrants kept coming, and tents were pitched, and teams were grazing here and there all along on the green prairie, in the valley down by the old mill, and in the timber by John Rhodes'. Mr. Gaston's house was a kind of headquarters, and as many stopped there to recruit, they were overrun with company. Let me here quote from Mrs. Gaston's own statement:

"That summer and autumn our houses, before too full, were much overfilled and our comforts shared with those passing to and from Kansas to secure it to *Freedom*. When houses would hold no more, woodsheds were temporized for bedrooms, where the sick and dying were cared for. Barns also were fixed for sleeping rooms. Every place where a bed could be put or a blanket thrown down was at once so occupied. There were comers and goers all times of day or night—meals at all hours—many free hotels, perhaps entertaining angels unawares. *After* battles they were here for rest—*before* for preparation. General Lane once stayed three weeks secretly while it was reported abroad that he was back in Indiana for recruits and supplies, which came ere long, consisting of all kinds of provisions, Sharps rifles, powder and lead. A cannon packed in corn made its way through the enemy's lines, and ammunition of all kinds, in clothing and kitchen furniture, etc., etc. Our cellars contained barrels of powder and boxes of rifles. Often our chairs, tables, beds and such places were covered with what weapons every one carried about him, so that if one *needed* and got time to rest a little in the day time, we had to remove the Kansas furniture, or rest with loaded revolvers, cartridge boxes and bowie knives piled around them, and boxes of swords under the bed. Were not our houses overfilled?"

A Captain Chambry from Indiana came on with a company of fine young men, who had been entrusted to his care by their parents. He was an intelligent Christian reformer, an advocate of temperance and freedom, one who practiced as he taught.

As it was thought unsafe to go on without a considerable force, a call was sent out to the friends of freedom around, inviting all who were willing to assemble and form an escort, to come to Tabor. Although our country had then few people in it, a good many responded to the call and quite a number of the young men of Tabor volunteered to go, and went. The parson proposed to be one to see them through the lines, but a pair of spurs was the only part of an outfit he had procured, when information came assuring us that the way was open and emigrants could safely pass in. The gathered host then moved on. But the morning of their departure was overshadowed with gloom on account of a very sad accident. Among those who responded to the call was a son of the pastor of the Congregational church at Lewis and a son of one of the deacons of the same church—Leang Afa Hitchcock and ——— Chapman. They had camped with others down by the mill, three-quarters of a mile from Tabor toward Thurman, and as the caravan started in the morning they, in boyish glee, ran ahead of the teams, brandishing their weapons and sportively showing fight. At the crossing of Plum Creek, one mile and a half from Tabor, as the road then ran, Chapman, holding in hand a pistol supposed to be unloaded, playfully aimed it at Hitchcock and pulled the trigger. It went off and Hitchcock fell, and in a few minutes expired. He was the oldest son of Rev. Geo. B. Hitchcock, of Lewis, in Cass county, Iowa.

His father, from his deep interest in Christian missions to China, named him Leang Afa, after the name of the first Chinese convert. The corpse was taken to the residence of James L. Smith, and there prepared to be conveyed to his parents at Lewis. But to lighten the shock, if possible, the parson went ahead on horseback to break the sad tidings to the stricken family before the arrival of the corpse. He set out on horseback as the dusk of evening came on, rode all night, breakfasted at a farm house and reached Mr. Hitchcock's (a distance of fifty miles or more) about 9 o'clock in the morning. He had thought to break the news to the father first, but as he was over in the village half a mile distant he dared not go in search of him, lest in his absence the bearers should arrive with the body and find the family wholly unprepared. The mother and grown sister of the deceased were the only persons to whom he could divulge the matter. They were busy at work, and as the sister went out a few rods from the door to hang out clothes, he followed her, and there broke to her the news, at the same time endeavoring to keep her quiet; but she no sooner got the idea than she ran into the house wringing her hands and screaming at the top of her voice, "Leang is dead! Leang is dead! Oh, ma; Leang is dead!" The mother shrieked and joined in the outcry. Both were frantic and uncontrollable. Soon the father returned, and having created an excitement he could not allay, the parson met him at the gate and informed him of Leang's death. He was deeply moved, but repressed his feelings. When Mrs. Hitchcock rushed out to meet him, screaming, "Leang is dead!" he tried to still her by saying, "My dear, God always does right." Such a scene may I never be called to witness again! From it Mrs. Hitchcock never seemed to wholly recover. A shadow appeared to rest on the household ever after.

The death by accident of young Mr. Hitchcock occurred about the tenth of September, 1856. The host, whose numbers had been accumulating for weeks, and embraced the Platts from Mendon, Ill., Captain Chambry and his company from Indiana, Rev. Parsons of Maine and his followers, together with a number from southwest Iowa, including the following from Tabor: H. D. Ingraham, J. K. Gaston, I. Hollister, Jas. Clark, and R. B. Foster, all moved on, and scarcely a week passed before we learned that Captain Chambry fell mortally wounded in the capture of Ft. Titus, a log cabin in which the ruffians had taken refuge. In the plan of attack upon the fort, the captain had a part assigned him, in the performance of which, with more courage than discretion, he rode up in front and was shot down. But the fort was taken, and R. B. Foster exhibited in Tabor a short time afterward the sword of Colonel Titus, kept as a trophy. A colored woman, who afterward passed through here on the U. G. R. R., ticketed for Queen Victoria's dominions, informed us that she, as the property of Colonel Titus, was in the fort at the time of the attack and that a cannon ball struck a trunk on which she was sitting, going in at one end and out at the other. With such missiles flying around them, they soon concluded to raise the white flag.

The company that came with Rev. Mr. Parsons of Maine camped west of Plum Creek on the hillside, which was then covered with timber, and only a few rods beyond the bridge, where Leang Hitchcock was accidentally shot. There the people of Tabor worshiped with them in the grove on Sunday, August 31, 1856, when the parson preached from Num. 14:8, "If the Lord delight in us, then He will bring us into this land and give it us, a land which floweth with milk and honey."

On the 13th of September, 1856, Gen. Jas. H. Lane, with an army of seventy-five or eighty men, drove an armed force of the ruffians into some log cabins at Hickory Point, which from their structure afforded protection against even Sharps rifles and from their elevated position gave a commanding view of the surrounding country. Aware that their assailants had no cannon, the besieged defiantly raised a flag inscribed, "No surrender." This challenge was too bold and daring to pass unaccepted. So General Lane immediately despatched a messenger to Lawrence for a cannon and reinforcements, with orders to come by way of Topeka, and then retired several miles west to camp for the night by a spring. On reaching his camping ground a copy of the inaugural of Governor Geary, who had just arrived in the territory, was handed him. Being satisfied, from the address, of the good intentions of the new governor, Lane disbanded his forces, countermanded his call for cannon and reinforcements, and struck out for the north and Iowa. At Nemaha in Nebraska he met Redpath's caravan of free state men on the 20th of September, and later in the month reached Tabor with fifty mounted men, claiming that they had left the territory to give the new governor a chance to show his hand or indicate his policy, without being biased or in any way impeded by their presence. These with their horses were divided around among the people of Tabor, who were then few in number and limited in resources but of large hearts and open hands and fully sympathized with the friends of freedom. The parson's barn was now enclosed, the basement still open to the south, and no mangers provided. There fifteen or twenty of the horses—as many as could be accommodated in a space 24 by 28 feet—were quartered. The length of their stay was determined by the news received from the territory. While here they practiced cavalry drill on the public square. General Lane had arranged with Jas. L. Smith on the 29th of September for the keeping of six horses, purposing himself to go east, when news received from Kansas caused them all to leave in the night and return to the territory, as suddenly as they came. Redpath's caravan, which left Tabor about the 10th of September, and met Lane's company of mounted men at Nemaha on the 20th of the same month, moved on slowly, and being informed that the government forces were near the border, for the purpose of intercepting and disarming them, they buried a cannon and cannon carriage in the ground, and by forced marches evaded the government troops, reached Topeka in safety, and delivered their free state stores.

To return in our story to Hickory Point: The countermanding orders of General Lane, given on Saturday evening, September 13th, on his departure for the north, failed to reach Colonel Harvey, who left Lawrence with a cannon and reinforcements that same night about 10 o'clock and reached Hickory Point on Sunday, the 14th, at 2 p. m. Failing to make any satisfactory arrangements with the besieged ruffians, Colonel Harvey opened his battery upon them with such effect that they soon came to terms and agreed to leave the territory if Colonel Harvey would graciously permit them to do so, which reasonable request, it is hardly necessary to say, was granted.

On this same Sabbath day, September 14th, while Colonel Harvey was at Hickory Point with a force of one hundred and fifty men reducing the fortress, an army of border ruffians, variously reported as numbering from one thousand five hundred to three thousand, were at Franklin, five miles southeast of Lawrence, on their way to attack and wipe out Lawrence. Captain Brown had been up to Topeka and stopped at Lawrence over the Sabbath on his way home. The rumors at first gained little credence. The cry of "wolf! wolf!" had been heard too often to create much excitement or awaken much alarm. But after a time the forces of the ruffians came in sight, their banners flying and drums beating. Then a leader was in demand and Captain Brown was soon called to take that position—a position which he filled so well that when the ruffian hosts came within Sharps rifle range they were opened upon and driven back and Lawrence was once more delivered. No sooner had the ruffians left Franklin than Captain Brown with four sons started for the east, by way of Nebraska and Tabor. As it had become known that another large company of emigrants was expected soon from the east, several companies of cavalry and artillery marched north to arrest them. Captain Brown, disguised as a surveyor, went with them, camping with them every night. He was sick and traveled slowly, having a light wagon with a cow tied behind it, and a kit of surveyor's implements in sight. He passed thus unmolested and unsuspected, although the officer who led the force had a writ for his arrest. The young men who went to Kansas with Redpath were gone about six weeks, and on their return traveled part of the way in company with Captain Brown. They reached Tabor late in October. As might be expected, many of the emigrants from the north grew tired of the privations and hardships and perils to which they were exposed, and especially the fear for their lives, and left the territory that year.

The writer has already stated that after the burning of the Free State hotel in Lawrence, May 21, 1856, Colonel Eldridge, its proprietor, passed through Tabor eastward for reinforcements. He returned from the east in October, with a train of 18 or 20 covered wagons, a mounted cannon, and a company of about 200 persons, including among others, a family from Clarksfield, Ohio. One Wednesday afternoon in October as the sun was descending the western sky and the shadows of evening were rapidly lengthening, a covered wagon came in sight as it ascended the hill by L. A. Matthews' as the road then ran, closely followed by a score of others. They proceeded directly to the southwest corner of the public square, where they proceeded to pitch their tents. It must be remembered that there was not a tree then on the public square, nor any fence around it. They camped in front of the parson's gate, placing the mounted cannon in the center, and hoisting on it the stars and stripes. The 18 covered wagons were arranged in a circle, around the national banner. Outside the wagons was pitched a circle of tents, and outside the tents campfires were built, and still outside of the fires were placed armed sentinels who challenged us as we passed by to prayer meeting, "Who goes there?" This seemed a little more warlike than anything we had ever got into. On the next day about 200 men drilled on the public square, report of which was carried by the passengers in the stage coach to St. Joe, only the numbers were multiplied tenfold —the 200 had become 2,000.

General Lane was here at this time, and there seemed to be no lack of colonels, and majors, and captains, and titled military officers. There was not the best feeling as it appeared, among the free state men. Most of them had come from the distant east. They had been promised Sharps rifles, as they claimed, and they were eager to get them. They had been promised them when they would get to Albany, then when they would reach Cleveland, and again when they reached

Chicago, and next when they got to Tabor, and now that they had arrived in Tabor they wanted them, insisted on having them, and declared they would go no farther, until they obtained them. But the rifles were not here, and could not be furnished. It was then an object to pacify the men, and prevail on them to go forward. For this purpose General Lane mounted the cannon carriage, and calling the men around him, addressed them somewhat as follows: "Comrades—a good soldier always grumbles. I know you have borne much already, since you left your homes. You have not always been fed on dainties, nor have you slept on down. You have endured with fortitude the perils, inconveniences, and privations of the way as good soldiers. Now you want Sharps rifles. Well, let me tell you, a Sharps rifle is a good weapon to use on an enemy at a distance, but it is good for nothing in a close encounter. If you come into a close fight (and I hope to God you may), a Sharps rifle is worthless. It is far inferior to a weapon with a bayonet. If I had my choice of arms, I would not arm more than one in ten with a Sharps rifle. As the arms you want are not here, I hope you will conclude to go on and see us through." More was said, but this much I can recall. The men went on to Kansas. After a day or two of rest, the company of Colonel Eldridge passed on to the territory.

After defending Lawrence against a horde of Missourians on the 14th of September, 1856, "John Brown, with four sons, left Lawrence for the east by way of Nebraska territory" and Tabor, Iowa. Traveling slowly on account of being sick, they did not reach the latter place until October, and remained here several weeks. John Brown reached Chicago late in November, and Albany, N. Y., in December.

Later in the season, in October or November, stores of arms and ammunition were brought on and stowed in barns, corncribs, cellars, etc. The parson had one brass cannon on his hay mow, and another on wheels in his wagon shed. He had also boxes of clothing, boxes of ammunition, boxes of muskets, boxes of sabres, and twenty boxes of Sharps rifles stowed away in the cellar all winter. On some public occasion some of our boys hauled the mounted cannon out on the public square and fired a few rounds to try it. On the 4th of July, 1858, the friends at Sidney requested the use of the cannon to emphasize the toasts of the occasion. The cannon went and the people of Tabor united with the people of Sidney in the celebration of the day.

CHAPTER VIII

THE OPENING OF THE UNDERGROUND R. R.

FIRST PASSENGERS ON THE U. G. R. R. VIA TABOR

ON THE evening of the 4th of July, 1854, there came into our quiet village a traveler with his family and several colored people, three covered wagons and a carriage. The father, mother and daughter rode in the carriage. They were on their way from Mississippi to Salt Lake and would have crossed the river at Nebraska City, as their most direct route, but, on account of the rush of emigration, and the freighting across the plains, the ferry at that point was crowded, and to avoid the crowd this company had passed on, intending to cross higher up. They camped for the night on the west side of Main street, and about midway between Elm and Orange streets. There were six slaves and two of them got water from Jesse West's well, near which the first hotel in Tabor was then in process of building. Whether stimulated excessively on America's natal day by large draughts of freedom and independence, or whether the circumstances conspired to such a result, or both prompted the deed, certain it is that the builders found an interview with the darkies and learned that they were slaves; that five of the six, a father, mother and two children, with another man, were anxious to escape from slavery, but that the other slave woman didn't want to leave her master and couldn't safely be trusted with their plans. Arrangements were then made, the five desirous to go were met at the corner by the hotel in the night and conducted to and across the Nishnabotna and concealed in the bushes. All this was effected by the first faint glimmering of daylight in the eastern sky. S. H. Adams, John Hallam, Jas. K. Gaston and Irish Henry were the conductors on this train. Mr. G. B. Gaston, to avoid the appearance of evil, took some ladies in a buggy and made a visit at C. W. Tolles', on Silver Creek, where arrangements were made to care for the fugitives; and in a day or two, with Cephas Case and Wm. L. Clark for conductors, and an old horse to carry such as could not walk, they made their way to a settlement of Quakers in the vicinity of the Des Moines river, and there leaving them in safe hands they returned to Tabor. On their way out they had some narrow escapes, but were delivered from all their foes.

The fugitives reached the Queen's dominions in safety, but their master, who we were credibly informed was a Mormon elder, on his way from

Mississippi to Salt Lake, was not willing to let his slave property escape, without at least an effort to recover it. On rising in the morning after the exodus, there was an unusual stillness about the camp. No one was astir. Fires were not lighted. The teams were uncared for, nor was breakfast being prepared. All seemed at a standstill. He stepped out, and looked in all directions, but saw no trace of the missing slaves. The reputation of the people of Tabor, as being in sympathy with fleeing fugitives, was too well known to admit of his taking counsel with them in this emergency. But in a neighborhood a few miles south of Tabor sympathizing friends were found. The news was soon heralded abroad. The dastardly deed was denounced, and the Taborites anathematized. A goodly number of pro-slavery sympathizers came together. A general slave hunt was planned and the groves, and thickets, and tall grass, and timber bordering both sides of the Nishnabotna river—every place where they might possibly be concealed was carefully searched. But one of those, who aided in the search, was at heart a friend of the fugitives, and was careful himself to do the searching around where he knew they were hid, and just as careful to *not* find them. As I have already stated, new conductors, both of whom passed to their reward many years ago, took charge of the train. When they had proceeded some distance on their way they met a man on horseback of whom they inquired the way to Quincy. He answered them civilly, but eyed them closely and passed on, and, as was afterward ascertained, went and reported what he had heard and seen to the master, who at once hastened forward to Quincy and, when failing to find them there, posted printed handbills in every direction to intercept them if possible, but without success. The fact was, the conductors suspecting the man they had met to be untrustworthy, switched off to Lewis instead of going to Quincy, and thus foiled their pursuers. At Lewis they had some trouble from pro-slavery men, but out of it all the Lord delivered them. They ran the gauntlet of pro-slavery servility through Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan, and found freedom in Queen Victoria's land.

Of all the thousands of Oberlin students, I never knew one who studied there long, who did not go out from there a thorough abolitionist. John H. Byrd, a classmate at Oberlin of the pastor's wife, a native of Vermont, reared in the freedom-loving principles of the Friends, was pastor of a little Congregational church in Atchison, Kansas, during the troubles there. A slave woman, who longed for freedom, applied to him for counsel and aid, as she had set out to obtain it. She was directed to Tabor, and arrived here in the early part of April, 1857. Conductors on the Underground R.

R. very soon learned, that it was conducive to safety and success to forward all passengers with promptness and despatch. As this colored woman made her appearance just before the annual meeting of the Council Bluffs Association, which met this year at Council Bluffs, it was arranged that the parson should take the woman along, as he went to the Association, as far as Deacon D. Briggs' and get Brother Geo. B. Hitchcock, of Lewis, to come by Deacon Briggs', and take her home with him, as he returned from the Association. But Brother Hitchcock could not return by Dea. Briggs', and so the parson returned home from the Association and with his buggy took the fugitive, cloaked, veiled, and gloved, out to Lewis, no one mistrusting that she was other than his wife. Other conductors passed her on from Lewis to the next station.

NUCKOLLS' SLAVES OF NEBRASKA CITY

When Kansas and Nebraska were opened for settlement in 1854, and the strife for the former was hot, the "ruffians" were wont to say to the free state men: "Why don't you go to Nebraska? We want Kansas, and you may have Nebraska." But slave holders went also into Nebraska with their slaves, and seemed quite willing to seize and hold that, too, for slavery.

Among the slave holders in Nebraska was a Mr. Nuckolls, a prominent merchant in Nebraska City, who owned and held in that place two female slaves. While abolitionists were not accustomed to entice or coax slaves to leave their masters, yet when they had sense enough to want freedom, and grit enough to strike out, and attempt to get it, abolitionists always stood ready to help the slave, rather than the master.

A mulatto of considerable shrewdness and a deal of experience in the world for one of his years, by the name of John Williamson, about that time did some trading back and forth across the Missouri river, in a small way, buying butter and eggs, etc., of the farmers and selling cheap jewelry, and trinkets of one kind and another. It was through him, as I have always understood, that Mr. Nuckolls' slaves were brought across the river. When once on this side there were plenty ready to help them on their way. One morning in December, 1858, about daylight, Dr. Ira D. Blanchard brought them into Tabor from the west. Consultation was had with a few of the friends and they were placed at Mr. Ladd's for the day. As it was considered unsafe to travel by daylight, and no less so to hold them, preparation was made through the day to start them on their way at evening. When it was known at Nebraska City that the girls were gone, there was a stir in Mr. Nuckolls' household. Telegraphs and telephones were not in operation then as now. But Mr. Nuckolls had a brother, a merchant, in Glenwood and two brothers-in-law, who sold goods in Sidney. Messengers were accordingly despatched to them and their aid solicited. Detectives were placed at the bridges across Silver Creek, and the Nishnabotna river, but somehow, as a good Providence would have it, they failed to intercept the train. It was a dismal, dark night—moonless, cloudy and misty. A covered wagon was provided, but the driver could neither see the road, nor his horses. There were no fences to keep travelers in the way. Deacon O. Cummings led the way with a lantern through the Egyptian darkness. Silver Creek was crossed near its mouth and the river at White Cloud without any obstruction or opposition, which fact can only be accounted for on the supposition that the detectives failed to reach the bridges until after the train had passed.

The slaves escaped, and were never captured. They stopped for a time in Chicago among their colored friends, and were pursued to that point. But they had timely warning, and hastily took refuge to the Queen's dominions. To resume our narrative: Having searched in Tabor and vicinity and watched the crossings of Silver Creek and the Nishnabotna in vain, Mr. Nuckolls returned to

Percival to make a more thorough search, declaring that he knew they had not gone beyond there. Accordingly a company of men from Nebraska City took it upon themselves to search the homes of the people without authority. They went into houses and around the premises, prying into things and places that were private and doing things which they had no right to do. The citizens remonstrated, protested, and warmly denounced such conduct. Reuben Williams being very bold, decided and outspoken, was set upon by Mr. Nuckolls who rode up to him and struck him a heavy blow over the head, which stunned and disabled him, producing deafness from which he never recovered. Complaint was made before the proper officers, and Nuckolls was arrested. The preliminaries having been taken, the next day was set for trial and the parties retired for the night to prepare for the same. Mr. Nuckolls and his followers crossed over to Nebraska City. The people of Percival, fearing the return of a larger party from that place on the morrow, despatched E. Avery, then a resident of Percival, to Tabor for help. A military company had been organized in Tabor, July 29, 1856, which was equipped by the state. The citizens of Tabor were called together to hear the statement of Mr. Avery, when it was unanimously agreed that we go to the aid of our friends at Percival, and that we set out early next morning, in order to be present at the opening of the trial. Accordingly there was a stir in Tabor bright and early next day. The parson mounted his steed, and set out in advance, going by way of Father Rector's to inform him of passing events, and suggest the propriety of his being present, and aiding in keeping the peace. It was a cold morning in December. The wind blew strong. Gray clouds obscured the sky, and stray flakes of snow were falling, and by daylight the parson wrapped in his blue blanket had reached Thurman on his way. A load of men armed with muskets went directly from Tabor, to see that our friends had fair play. But the ice was running so thick in the river that crossing was considered unsafe, and the defendants in the case did not appear, and so no trial was had, and we all returned to our homes. The case of Williams v. Nuckolls formed a suit in the county court for several terms, and finally Mr. Williams was awarded several thousand dollars damages, which enabled him to build the good house and barn, where Sturgis Williams, his nephew, now resides.

Years fled apace. Mr. Nuckolls removed to Denver. Mr. Williams was quietly enjoying his declining years, when Mr. Nuckolls found occasion to return from Denver, and stop for a short time among his friends in Nebraska City. One night during this short time, Mr. Williams was aroused from his slumbers, to find his barn in flames, and a brisk breeze blowing directly toward the house, so it was with difficulty that it was saved from burning, too. Mr. Nuckolls' presence at Nebraska City and the burning of the barn may have had no causal connection, but it was not easy for Mr. Williams to avoid the conviction that the former sustained to the latter the relation of cause.

CHAPTER IX

LATER BUSINESS OF THE UNDERGROUND R. R.

FUGITIVES FROM THE INDIAN TERRITORY

EARLY in March of 1860 four negroes from the Indian Territory made their appearance in Tabor, in the eager search for the natural and inalienable right of personal liberty. In the people of Tabor they found sympathizing friends. A covered wagon was provided, the fugitives were loaded in and entrusted to Edward T. Sheldon and Newton Woodford as conductors. They started on Friday night, and proceeded by way of Silver Creek, and Mud creek. At the latter place as they stopped to bait, the character of their load was discovered. The wagon, however, was permitted to proceed on its way; but some pro-slavery persons procured papers of Squire Cramer, a justice of the peace in the vicinity, and with a posse on horseback pursued and overtook the wagon and arrested the conductors, and took from them the slaves, turning over the white men to be tried before Squire Cramer. The arrest was made on Saturday morning, and the slaves were taken to Glenwood, to be lodged in jail for safe keeping. But Mr. Samson, who then had charge of the jail in Mills county, loved liberty himself, and knew his duties too well to prostitute his official position to so degrading a business. As the slaves could not then be lodged in jail, they were brought and lodged for a time in the barn of Mr. Geo. Linnville, a couple of miles southeast of Glenwood, and on Sunday they were removed to the house of Joe Foster, of Silver Creek. Daniel Briggs brought word to Tabor on Saturday p. m. of the collision of the last train on the Underground R. R. A council was hastily convened at the residence of G. B. Gaston. A company on horseback went to Glenwood, to learn the whereabouts of the slaves, and not finding them there, they returned homeward through Wabonsie seeking them. They were probably in Mr. Linnville's barn, when the company from Tabor passed by to Glenwood. The time for the trial of Edward T. Sheldon and Newton Woodford before Squire Cramer was set at 10 a. m. on Sunday. Many of the people of Tabor were interested enough to attend, believing that if an *ox* fallen into a pit might be lifted out on the Sabbath day, much more might *two men* be delivered on the Sabbath. Jas. Vincent and Pascal Mason acted as counsel for the defendants. Among others present at the trial were E. S. Hill, Geo. Hunter,

E. Avery, C. F. Lawrence, James L. Smith, S. H. Adams, Clark Briggs and Dr. Sanborn.

The trial was late in its beginning and slow in its proceeding, so that it was not through until 9 p. m. It resulted in the release and acquittal of the defendants. But toward the close of the trial one of the crowd, McMillan by name (others say Wing), inquired of one of the Tabor boys if he could keep a secret. On being assured that he could and would, he handed him a paper which stated that there was game for his party at the house of Joe Foster, two miles away. This hint prompted E. S. Hill and Geo. Hunter to go and take a position in the brush near the house designated, where they could observe what was going on. And here let me say, the ground was covered with snow. The moon had been eclipsed that evening and consequently was at its full. It was a clear, cold, frosty night. There never was a brighter moonlight night than that was. A wagon drawn by four horses was brought out. They saw the slaves brought forth and loaded into the wagon, and watched, until they got fairly started on their way, and marked the road they took, then hastened back to Squire Cramer's to report. They reached the Squire's just as the trial closed, and then as all were released, they piled into two sleds and gave chase. Though behind the wagon miles in distance and hours in time, they soon struck the trail, followed on, and pressed their steeds to do their best, passing down on the west side of the West Nishnabotna to White Cloud, where they stopped to inquire, and learned that the wagon had passed there not long before, and crossed the river. This was the first real assurance that they were on the right track, and greatly encouraged the pursuers. The wagon led on down the river bottom on the east side, and after a time was seen on a distant rise. On pressed the kidnappers—Mr. Cassell on horseback, Jim Gardner driving, W. K. Follett piloting the way, Joe Foster on horseback "three sheets in the wind," Squire Wyatt and Geo. Linnville aiders and abettors. The pursuers embraced Ed. T. Sheldon, E. S. Hill, Geo. Hunter, E. Avery, A. C. Gaston, Chas. F. Lawrence, Jas. L. Smith, and Pascal Mason.

On they rushed in hot pursuit, and overhauled the wagon nearly due east of Tabor, in the early dawn of morning. One of the sleds struck out ahead, and doubled up the leaders of the wagon team, and the other closed up behind enforcing obedience to the simultaneous shout, "Halt!" while all except the drivers leaped from the sleds, each drawing a sled stake for want of a better weapon, surrounded the wagon, and, in the attitude of taking aim, demanded a surrender, and surrender they did. All were required to go to Tabor. They came in and stopped at the hotel, then kept by

Jesse West, where they warmed up, after an all night's cold ride. Breakfast was soon ready for all the company, but the pro-slavery party objected to eating with niggers—declared they were not used to that, and did not propose to begin now. "Oh, well!" said the landlord, "you needn't. You can sit down and eat, and the others can eat afterward." They sat down to breakfast, and by the time they were through, the fugitives were well started on their way to freedom, and the kidnappers saw them no more.

As the fugitives had made their escape, and were gone, there was nothing further to be done but to send the pro-slavery captives to their respective homes. This was accordingly done by escorting such of them to their residences as had no teams of their own to convey them there. O. Cummings, J. K. Gaston, John Hallam, G. B. Gaston, W. M. Brooks and others had been out all night searching through Wabonsie, along the Missouri bottom, and miles south of Thurman, from which night search they returned, just as the captured party from across the Nishnabotna river entered Tabor. As the fugitives left the hotel without their breakfast, they repaired to L. E. Webb's, two miles east of Tabor, for breakfast and rested there through the day. About sundown they set out for Canada, escorted by O. Cummings, D. E. Woods, L. B. Hill, Pascal Mason, and others on horseback.

They started in a sled, but changed to a wagon at Mr. Hill's. Streams were all frozen over, and could be crossed on the ice wherever a team could get down and up the banks. This train therefore took a "bee line" for Lewis and, after striking the divide between Walnut creek and East Nishnabotna, they followed it up to Lewis. Before reaching that station, they sent part of their company ahead to reconnoiter to see that the coast was all clear. The moon was setting in the west, and the sun just rising in the east, as the train halted at the O. Mills station for breakfast. This company left Tabor the first time on Friday evening, March 6, 1860, and reached the division station at Lewis on Tuesday morning, the 10th, being three days and four nights in making a journey which ordinarily required but twenty-four hours. At Lewis they were placed in the care of other conductors, and the Tabor people returned home again. When we consider the number of days and nights in succession spent by some of these persons in the cold winter, scouring the country in the saddle in search of the slaves, simply to help a fellow mortal to the enjoyment of liberty, we can see the strength of self-denial for others' good, which this philanthropy inspires. Said an actor, in these scenes in my hearing, who had joined our community four or five years before from Ohio, "I aided in a single year in Ohio more than a hundred fugitives to escape." This certainly indicates great activity in this line of business. It seems difficult for some to believe that so much risk and self-denial can be incurred without pecuniary compensation. In Ohio it was reported fifty years ago by the pro-slavery people that abolitionists received $25 a head for every slave they landed in Canada, and some seemed really to believe it true. A man in Nebraska City years ago, who was bitterly cursing the abolitionists, was asked what he meant by an abolitionist, to which he replied, "An abolitionist? Why, an abolitionist is one who steals niggers and runs them off south and sells them and pockets the money." With such abolitionists none of us have ever had any acquaintance.

ANOTHER CASE

Two fugitives from slavery were arrested by some persons (who were willing to do their owner a favor, or were eager to get a reward, or perhaps were prompted by both these motives combined) and lodged in the Linden jail for safe keeping. While there the weather was very cold, and they begged of the jailer a pan of live coals to keep them from freezing. When comfortably warm other possible benefits from the fire were suggested. With the pan of coals they managed to burn a hole through the floor large enough to effect their escape. As they proceeded up the Missouri river bottom a furious snow storm overtook them, and in the blinding blizzard they got separated from each other, and nearly perished in the cold. One of them found his way to Tabor, and stayed at Mr. G. B. Gaston's several weeks, hoping that his companion in bonds would make his appearance. Accustomed to active life he disliked to be idle, and asked for work. Mr. Gaston set him to cutting wood in the woods and for weeks he repaired daily to the work after breakfast in the morning, carrying with him a lunch for noon, and returning home in the shadows of the evening. After some weeks his companion in travel and tribulation came along, and they proceeded on their way to freedom.

Slavery had to foster a race prejudice in order to maintain its haughty and oppressive assumption of lordly power. Anglo-Saxons were created to rule, Africans to serve. This doctrine was so assiduously inculcated that it had its influence in shaping legislation and modifying public sentiment even in the free states. Hence the law which in Iowa discriminates against persons of color and forbids them to locate in the state until they give bonds that they will not become a public charge. But the baneful influence of slavery manifested itself in other ways.

CASE OF KIDNAPPING

About the year 1860, as John Williamson, Henry Garner, and his sister Maria, were on their way from Percival to Omaha, a covered carriage with two or three men in it overtook them. As the Garners and Williamson were riding quietly along, not suspecting any danger, the carriage drove up behind them, the men jumped out hastily, and one of them with a stick or club struck Henry a crushing blow on the cheek, not only stunning him but breaking the cheek bone. All three were taken and hurried away into Missouri. But Williamson managed to make his escape after some days. Henry and Maria were lodged in a slave pen in St. Louis, awaiting the day of sale in the slave market of that city. News of the kidnapping of the Garners no sooner reached Dr. Blanchard than he dropped all else, and made it his business to recover them. Mr. Gaston was informed of the occurrence, and together they spent days in diligent search through northwestern Missouri, and down as far as St. Joe. After obtaining some reliable trace of them and learning that they had been taken to St. Louis, Mr. Gaston returned home and Dr. Blanchard followed on to that place. He succeeded in tracing them to the prison, and stated to the keeper the wrongful manner in which they had been seized, and that they were really free negroes.

The keeper proposed to test the truth of the doctor's story by bringing him into their presence and noting the effect of their seeing him. When Dr. Blanchard entered, Henry, suffering severely yet from the blow he had received, and apparently in utter despair of any relief in the future, did not look up. But Maria no sooner looked up than she jumped up and ran and threw her arms around him, exclaiming, "Oh! Dr. Blanchard! where did you come from?" The testimony was indisputable. After proper legal steps Henry and Maria were set at liberty, and the kidnappers were placed in the custody of proper officers, brought to Council Bluffs, and there imprisoned to await their trial. But before the time for their trial they broke jail and effected their escape.

The principal in this kidnapping was a man by the name of Hurd, who had been in Kansas, and came away in not very good repute. He had been hanging about Dr. Blanchard's for several weeks apparently watching his chance. He was afterward heard of in Kansas, and in a year or two after this kidnapping scrape, it was reported that he was hung for horse stealing. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

CHAPTER X

JOHN BROWN'S PREPARATIONS

CAPTAIN BROWN—RESUMED

CAPT. JOHN BROWN, as we have seen, went east late in the autumn of 1856, where he spent the winter counselling with and rallying the friends of freedom in Kansas. He returned again to Tabor August 7, 1857, where he remained several months, and until after the fall elections in Kansas, the result of which he watched with intense interest. He boarded in the family of Jonas Jones, who then occupied the house on the northeast corner of Center and Orange streets, where President Brooks now resides. Colonel Forbes arrived two days later and remained until the 2d of November, and being an expert as a military tactician, he seemed to be teaching the captain military science. Owen Brown, son of the captain, was also here that summer. Part of the time they practiced shooting at a target with Sharps rifles. In the point of one of the prairie ridges which run north and south and just north of Dragoon hollow, they dug a hole of sufficient dimensions to contain a man comfortably.

A sheet-like white cloth with a black spot in the center, suspended on two stakes, was placed on the north side of the hole, in which one of their number placed himself with his back to the marksmen, fronting the target, and deep enough in the ground to be safe from any balls that might be fired. There with a long pointer in hand terminated by a black knob about the size of a man's fist to render it more readily distinguishable, sat the indicator awaiting the report of a Sharps rifle half a mile or more away south, whither Colonel Forbes and Captain Brown had repaired to try their skill as marksmen. No sooner was the report of the distant rifle heard than the black knob on the end of the pointer was placed on the hole where the ball perforated the target, which the marksmen, with the aid of a field glass, could readily see and modify their subsequent attempts accordingly. A book on military science entitled, "The Patriotic Volunteer," of which Colonel Forbes was the author, formed a text book for study, while target practice afforded them ample exercise in the open air. Thus passed the summer and autumn of 1857, and when Captain Brown learned that the elections in Kansas had passed quietly, unmolested by ruffians from Missouri, he proceeded to gather up the free state stores that had been deposited in Tabor and ship them away. Though very reticent and little disposed to publish his projects, Captain

Brown was understood by his friends to be intending, in case the elections were interfered with again, to raise, clothe, arm and equip a company of mounted men and pitch in and fight it out in Kansas; but as the elections passed off quietly, he gathered all together and took his departure.

Colonel Forbes took steamer at Nebraska City for the east November 2, 1857, and Captain Brown took the emigrant road to Kansas, in a wagon driven by one of his sons. His chief object in going to Kansas seems to have been to gather about him a company of young men, whose object culminated in the Harper's Ferry tragedy. Later in the season there met at Tabor, Captain Brown, Owen Brown, A. D. Stephens, Charles Moffit, C. P. Tidd, Richard Robertson, Colonel Richard Realf, L. F. Parsons, Wm. Leaman and Captain Cook. These had intended to go to the Western Reserve to winter, but Forbes had betrayed their plans to the government authorities, and they, for this reason, together with limited finances, concluded to remain in Iowa through the winter. Here I quote from Captain Cook's confession: "We stopped some days at Tabor making preparations to start. Here we found that Captain Brown's ultimate destination was the state of Virginia. Some warm words passed between him and myself in regard to the plan, which I supposed was to be confined entirely to Kansas and Missouri. Realf and Parsons were of the same opinion with me. After a good deal of wrangling we consented to go on, as we had not the means to return, and the rest of the party were so anxious that we should go with them. At Tabor we procured teams for the transportation of about 200 Sharps rifles which had been taken on as far as Tabor one year before, at which place they had been left awaiting the orders of Captain Brown. There were also other stores consisting of blankets, clothing, boots, ammunition, and about two hundred revolvers of the Massachusetts Arms patent, all of which we transported across the state of Iowa to Springdale, and from there to Liberty, at which place they were shipped for Ashtabula county, Ohio, where they remained till brought to Chambersburg, Pa., and were from there transported to a house in Washington county, Md., which Captain Brown had rented for six months, and which was situated about five miles from Harper's Ferry."

These two hundred Sharps rifles (twenty boxes and ten in a box) were stored in the parson's cellar for about a year. So you see how nearly the parson was implicated in the Harper's Ferry insurrection. Captain Brown and his ten young men spent the winter of 1857-8 in Iowa, in the study and practice of military tactics, under the drill of A. D. Stephens. In the early summer of 1858 he was again in southern Kansas, throwing his power on the side of freedom in the strife between freedom and slavery. The country at that time was in a state of great excitement and turmoil, constant raiding, and fighting and murdering between the border ruffians and free state men. The greatest vigilance was required to live at all. In this state of things, Captain Brown and his faithful clan endeavored to be prepared for any emergency. Two hundred Missourians were collected in Missouri, eight miles from the Kansas line, for the purpose of invading the territory. At this juncture, early in January, 1859, Captain Brown began to talk of offensive operations and proposed to invade Missouri. While yet undecided, a slave who was to be sold with his family down the river next day came to Captain Brown and besought him to deliver them from this calamity. Accordingly Captain Brown took twelve men and went up one side of the Osage river, and Kagi with eight ascended the other side, for the purpose of freeing slaves. The former freed not only the family that asked aid, but others, too, ten in all, with team and wagon as remuneration for the years of unpaid toil. Kagi's party obtained but one slave, in securing which they killed the master, who was attempting to take the life of one of the party in defense of his property. Thus Missouri was invaded, and slaves taken by force from their masters, even at the cost of life. After a short stay in Kansas, Captain Brown with his company of eleven slaves, which, by the way, had become twelve by the birth of a young John Brown, set out for the Queen's Dominions about the 20th of January, 1859, and arrived safely in Tabor with their escort early in February. They came the latter part of the week and remained several days.

The small house across the street directly east of the public school building then stood where Dr. Sanborn's present residence stands, and had been used for a primary school room. In that a cooking stove was placed and there the freedmen made their home during their sojourn in Tabor.

The following paper was handed the parson on Sunday morning at the beginning of the morning services: "John Brown respectfully requests the church at Tabor to offer public thanksgiving to Almighty God in behalf of himself and company and *of their rescued captives in particular*, for His gracious preservation of their lives and health, and His signal deliverance of all out of the hand of the wicked hitherto." "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever."

The parson preached at Glenwood in the evening and from there went directly to Quincy in Adams county, where he remained a week or more assisting Brother Penfield in a series of meetings.

Before the Sabbath was past it was reported in Tabor that Missouri had been invaded and life had been taken to procure these slaves, and consequently that Captain Brown might be heard in his own defense, and that all persons interested might hear and judge for themselves, a public meeting had been called for Monday morning to hear Captain Brown. A traveling Missourian chanced to stop for the night at the village hotel, and learning of the meeting, concluded to attend. This fact came to the ears of Captain Brown, who refused to speak in the presence of the Missourian and demanded that he be required to leave. The audience were unwilling to grant this, and leading persons present strongly insinuated that if no wrong had been done the actors ought not to be ashamed or afraid to let any and everybody know what they had done. The Missourian remained and Captain Brown withdrew, greatly grieved that his Tabor friends refused to approve his course.

After Captain Brown left the meeting at the school house that Monday morning, the citizens proceeded to adopt some resolutions expressive of their views of the captain's invasion of Missouri. They could not approve of an armed invasion of a neighboring state with which we were ostensibly at peace.

With mingled surprise and indignation Captain Brown repaired to the residence of Brother Geo.

B. Gaston, whose hospitality he had been enjoying, apparently feeling that if friends deserted him he must "trust in God and keep his powder dry." In feeble health from continued exposure, beset with a persistent ague, he seemed to feel forsaken; he carefully examined and grasped more firmly his weapons and curtailed his stay in Tabor. By way of Chicago and the lakes, he reached Canada in safety with his company in due time, and appeared in Tabor but once again. About the first of September, 1859, he came to the residence of Jonas Jones on the Sabbath, less than two months before his capture at Harper's Ferry, and when taking leave on the same day, as Mr. Jones stepped out on the porch, he said very impressively, "Good-bye, Mr. Jones. I don't say where I am going, but you'll hear from me. There has been enough said about 'bleeding Kansas.' I intend to make a bloody spot at another point and carry the war into Africa." From our present standpoint, this daring deed of Captain Brown seems to have been one link in the long chain of events which hastened the final overthrow of legalized American slavery.

CHAPTER XI

SEEKING THE STRAY SHEEP

ABOUT the year 1855 the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, in session at St. Louis, resolved to take measures to plant Presbyterian "churches in new settlements in advance of all others." This evidence that young America was coming to the front in that body naturally led other denominations to look to their laurels, and see that no undue advantage should be taken of them by any haste to occupy new ground. Accordingly several of the older and stronger Congregational churches of eastern Iowa, in the spring or early summer of 1857, wrote the parson requesting that he would take a trip up and down among the settlements along the Missouri river valley, in search of the Congregational element, and organize churches where circumstances seemed to warrant such a course, they promising to defray all necessary expenses. This the parson consented to do, and so set out on horseback on Friday, the 17th of July, booted and spurred, saddle and saddle bags, prepared to hunt up and fold all Congregational sheep. He dined at Glenwood, and supped, lodged, and conferred with Rev. R. E. Gaylord in Omaha—next day he proceeded on through Saratoga and Florence. At that time there was comparatively a small space from the north side of Omaha to the south line of Florence, a distance of six miles, which was not laid out in city lots. Crossing the Missouri river again to the east of Florence, he dined at Crescent City, which was largely a settlement of Mormons. In the afternoon he passed on to Magnolia, and stopped with Brother H. D. King and his estimable wife over the Sabbath, preaching at 11 a. m. In the afternoon two Mormon apostles, who had just set out on a mission from Preparation, a place fifteen or twenty miles north of Magnolia, where a branch of the Mormon church had established themselves, and had for some time been preparing to send forth twelve apostles, held services. Their *worship* was similar to Christian worship in general, but when they presented their distinguishing doctrines, they taught the transmigration of souls, and held that some of their adherents remembered distinctly their previous life on earth, and one even remembered the particulars of his former death, declaring that a horse ran away with him and dashed him to death. Such statements, if substantiated, might strongly confirm the theory of "the Conflict of Ages."

On Monday, July 20th, Brother King accompanied the parson on his way, by Butler's Mills and Harrison City on the Boyer river, eleven miles from Magnolia, thence to Olmsted, five miles, where they found Mr. Henry Olmsted, recently from Connecticut, busily engaged with numerous hands in the work of building a residence—Mrs. Olmsted not yet having arrived. Several Congregationalists were found here from Connecticut, who afterward became the nucleus of the Congregational church at Dunlap. On the next day, Tuesday, July 21st, they went to Denison, twenty-three miles, and lodged with a Mr. Goodrich, one mile beyond the village. The day following they went by Wellington to Judge Morehead's at Ida Grove—the only grove of any consequence in Ida county, covering about a quarter section. There were then but twenty-five persons in the county, all told. At Morehead's, an old stage station, they met a Mr. Hubbard, of Cherokee, a Yankee settlement, twenty-five miles north of this place, from whom they learned that Cherokee was the only settlement in the county, and consisted of four families, including twelve men.

Thursday, July 23d, they rode together down the Maple river, as far as Mapleton, where they parted; Brother King returning to Magnolia and the parson proceeding to Smithland, a village on the Little Sioux river, where he preached in the evening. Here were found families of liberal education and fine culture from the vicinity of Boston, who had brought their pianos with them, and who informed him that in the previous winter of 1856-7 they had been so blocked by snow drifted by driving winds that they drew flour from a point forty miles east of there on a hand sled, and to avoid starving some had to subsist on bread made of bran. While *they* were ready to perish, the people in Fremont county were having plenty, and receiving high prices at Council Bluffs for every kind of farm produce taken to that market.

From Smithland to Sargent's Bluff is about thirty miles, and for the last twenty of that thirty miles the road was on the Missouri bottom, which in this vicinity is about twenty miles wide. This portion of the road was, at this season of the year, impassable in day time by horses, unless well covered, on account of the prevalence of a species of green-headed flies, from which, if unprotected, the horses would be killed. The parson, therefore, waited on Friday, July 24th, at Smithland, until 7 o'clock p. m., when he set out for a thirty mile ride, twenty miles of which must be passed in the night—the road a single track, through tall grass, with a few branch roads to lead astray, and no person of whom to inquire the way, nor dwelling house in twenty miles. Silently plodding the lonely way, the parson proceeded, surrounded by a chorus of frogs, too modest to sing in the immediate presence of a nocturnal traveler, but ready to resume as soon as he had passed along—interluded by the incessant humming of myriads of mosquitoes, that never dreamed of modesty—eager to sing in the face of a king, nor were ever known even to blush in the presence of *royalty*. So the parson passed on hour after hour in sombre suspense, uncertain whether the outcome would be Sargent's Bluff or some other destination, until the barking of some faithful watch dog, or the distant glimmer of some friendly lamp occasioned a sigh of relief, and assured him that he had not missed his way. Between hope and fear the gauntlet has been successfully run, and he has safely reached again an inhabited land. As "necessity knows no law," orderly habits are forgotten and the rider retires to his couch at one o'clock a. m. of the 25th. After rest and refreshment, the itinerant is again in the saddle and completes the journey to Sioux City—eight miles—by 11 a. m., takes quarters at the Pacific House, and improves the remainder of the day in hunting up the wandering sheep.

On Monday, July 27th, search was continued for the flock in city and suburbs, and a number of Congregationalists, as was supposed, were found, some of whom proved to be of other denominations. But having found some, and having arranged to organize two weeks hence, the parson crossed the river and turned south, through the settlements in Nebraska,—Dakota City, Omadi, Omaha Reservation, Decatur, Tekama, Cumming City, De Soto, Calhoun, etc., finding some professing Christians in every flourishing settlement, but nowhere a sufficient number of Congregationalists to warrant an organization.

After a week or more at home, the parson set out on a second tour to Sioux City on the 4th of August, 1857, passing up through Glenwood, Council Bluffs, Crescent City, Magnolia, Preparation, Belvidere, Smithland, and Sargent's Bluff to Sioux City. Desirous to get through with an unpleasant task, he left Smithland earlier in the afternoon than he had done on the first trip, so that he reached the Missouri bottoms before the sun was entirely gone, when, as he ventured forward, the flies so covered and crazed the horse that after fighting them for a time it seemed to give up in despair, and so set forward on a keen run, until the shadows of night came to its relief. Sargent's Bluff was reached at 10 p. m. on Friday, and Sioux City at 10 a. m. on Saturday, August 8, 1857, and lodgings taken at the Pacific House. On Sunday attended Methodist meeting at 11 a. m., and announced a meeting and organization of a Congregational church at 7:30 p. m., but at that hour a violent thunder storm and sweeping rain took the precedence, and no meeting was had. On Monday morning the parties interested were convened, Articles of Faith and Covenant were agreed upon, adopted and formally assented to, and the church duly formed. Crossed the Missouri river at Sioux City as on the previous trip, and returned home as before through Nebraska.

Still there remained that portion of Nebraska south of the Platte river to be visited. Accordingly the pastor set forth again on the 20th of August, 1857, crossed the river at Kenosha, where were found Bela White and wife, Festus Reed and wife, Congregationalists. Next day he proceeded by Eight Mile Grove on Bachelor Creek, crossing from there to Cedar Creek, about seven miles without any road or trail, where he found Mr. Tozier and wife, who had been years before members of the Congregationalist church at California City or Florence. In the afternoon he returned toward Plattsmouth, lodged with Mr. Maxwell, a Presbyterian, and next day passed on to Rock Bluff, crossed the river and returned home, not having found any material to justify the organization of a church. Thus ended that special effort to hold our own as Congregationalists in the Missouri valley. Nebraska City was occupied before this time by a Presbyterian organization. The parson preached for some time at Sidney, but as Presbyterians predominated there, when Father Bell came on from eastern Iowa and started a ladies' seminary there, he yielded the ground to him.

CHAPTER XII

AMITY OR COLLEGE SPRINGS

THIS place like some others had the misfortune or inconvenience, in the outset, of having one name for the village and a different one for its postoffice. It was named Amity by its citizens, but as that name was already appropriated elsewhere, the postoffice department named it College Springs, which is rapidly superseding "Amity."

Under the shadow of Knox College, in the city of Galesburg, originated the idea of founding and endowing a college in some of the frontier settlements farther west. Rev. B. F. Haskins and William J. Wood were the prime movers in the matter. The plan proposed was in brief this: A company was organized and officers chosen—a president, secretary and treasurer. Persons by the payment of one or more shares became members, and when a sufficient sum was secured to promise success, a location was to be selected and a lot of land entered. A village was to be laid out in a central and desirable place for a college. The lands and village lots were to be appraised at not less than twice the government price, and members of the company could receive back at the appraised value lands and lots to the amount of stock they had paid in. In this way they hoped to enlist many in the enterprise—to speedily form a good settlement—and to secure an endowment in land for an institution of learning. In 1854 or 1855 a locating committee, consisting of B. F. Haskins, W. J. Wood, John Cross, B. F. Atkinson and one more (name unknown), came into Page county and selected a large tract of unentered land for the object contemplated. It was not a denominational movement, although the movers in the matter were Christians, and did not hide their light. Almost all the orthodox denominations were represented in the company, and at first all aided in maintaining religious worship. They were as a body active in reforms, warm advocates of temperance, anti-slavery and anti-secret societies. As soon as a place could be furnished for a school, a school was opened. Christian ministers were members of the company, and Sabbath services were regularly observed. About the year 1858, in the autumn of the year, the parson accompanied B. F. Gardner and wife to Amity. Though the particular year cannot be fixed with certainty, it was the one when a most splendid comet decked the heavens, the tail of which reached from the horizon to the zenith—a sight which many among us never beheld. The nights were cool, and the mornings frosty. The people of Amity were very busy preparing for winter. There were many new comers, and many hastily and poorly constructed dwellings, as is common in new settlements. Some were even living in tents, but "necessity knows no law." Notwithstanding the urgency of business, religious meetings were held every evening, and the parson remained most of the week, visiting through the day and attending meeting in the evening, where was manifested unusual religious interest.

There for the first time I fell in with one, a brief sketch of whose history I will venture to relate, for the lessons it contains:

Albert V. House, of respectable parentage, like too many youths chafing under wholesome home restraint, left home early to learn the shoemaking trade. Next he enlisted in the United States army, and served through the Seminole Indian war in Florida. There he acquired a strong appetite for intoxicants, which, though kept in subjection, attended him through all subsequent life. He was at Amity at this time, with a young and interesting family, and was working at his trade. He possessed an unusual gift for public speaking—had exercised it as an exhorter in the Methodist Episcopal church, of which he was a member, and had been active in Christian work in Amity. A few days before I saw him, he had set out for St. Joe to replenish his stock in business, taking his own conveyance, as there were then no railroads. He reached Marysville the first evening as daylight was fading from the western sky. It was a cold evening, and he, to use his own words, "was chilled to the heart." Just opposite the hotel where he stopped was a saloon brilliantly lighted, warm, and very attractive. The temptation was too strong to be resisted. He was brought back from Marysville prostrate and penniless. I found him profoundly penitent, greatly humbled, and deeply depressed. His Christian friends gathered around him and encouraged him to return to the Lord heartily and renew his trust in Him. Conscious of his weakness and aware of the temptation to which itinerancy would expose him, he united with the Council Bluffs Congregational Association in April, 1860, and afterward preached at Hawleyville, Glenwood, Nevinville, Otho, Parkersburg, Manson and Lawler, at which last place he died in May, 1875. While laboring at Glenwood he was invited to a celebration of a wedding occasion, where wine was passed. It offended him greatly. He spoke of it as a very narrow escape on his part from a ruinous fall, and ignorance alone could excuse the act, in his estimation. At the meeting of the Iowa State Congregational Association at Sioux City in 1872, the Lord's Supper was observed on Sunday afternoon, and a temperance meeting was held elsewhere in the city at the same hour. Fermented wine was used. As I put the cup to my lips I wondered if Brother House was present. Afterward on meeting him I asked if he were there. He said, "No, I was called upon to speak at the temperance meeting. Why?" I replied, "They used fermented wine." "Oh!" he exclaimed, "I am so glad I was not there. I wouldn't have been there for ten thousand dollars."

The history of Amity affords an example of the inutility of pushing organic union, where there is not intelligent union of heart. At first all worshiped together, but as numbers increased, the preferences of the different denominations, while attracting those who were of the same mind to each other, at the same time drew them away from the common multitude, until Amity has become noted for the number of its churches in proportion to its population.

The college movement at Amity was originally undenominational, but even a Christian college seems to flourish best under the patronage and support of some particular denomination. The majority of the trustees of Amity college has for many years been United Presbyterians, and they, therefore, hold the control of it.

CHAPTER XIII

EVANGELISTIC AND TEMPERANCE WORK

I HAVE already spoken of a protracted meeting, held in the vicinity of Percival, by the aid of Rev. Wm. Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal church, in the winter of 1851-2. Tabor settlement was begun in the spring of 1852 and religious meetings were held in the grove under a basswood or linden tree two miles southwest of Tabor, near the pastor's log cabin, through the summer, and when the autumn breezes began to blow Brother G. B. Gaston's house, on the southeast corner of Park and Orange streets (now Mr. Starrett's), became the place of meeting. Here Mr. and Mrs. Laird, who had recently come from Erie county, Pa., to reside, where F. M. Laird has since succeeded them, first attended our meeting. When in 1854 the school house was built on the northeast corner of Center and Elm streets, that proved the resort for all public gatherings in our community until better accommodations were provided as the village grew. For many years it was customary to hold a series of religious meetings at some time during the winter season, which were uniformly attended with more or less quickening of religious interest and conversion of sinners. As at first ministers were few and far away, these meetings were for a number of years conducted by the pastor of the church, efficiently aided by the deacons. On one of these occasions every individual in the community was reached and *all* of intelligent age except one cherished a hope in Christ. In the autumn of 1856 the parson held a protracted meeting in Glenwood, which resulted in the organization of the Congregational church of that place. In 1857 he aided Brother H. D. King, of Magnolia, in holding meetings, and in 1858 assisted Brother G. B. Hitchcock at Lewis, where Deacons Cummings of Tabor and Bush of Exira also attended. A deep interest was awakened and seventeen were added to the church on confession. In one of the meetings a father arose and, with tearful eyes and faltering voice, confessed that he had wickedly broken his vow made to God when in distress, for when on his way from England to America, a violent storm overtook them, and when in imminent peril of his life he cried to God. He promised his Maker that if He would but deliver and enable him and his to reach their destination in safety he would serve Him the rest of his days. But he had not kept his vow, and now God had called his sin to remembrance. He turned to God and began a prayerful life, his wife and several children going with him, and there was joy in that household. In February, 1859, the parson assisted Brother H. Penfield at Quincy in Adams county. In 1860 he helped Brother King, of Magnolia again. God worked with us and eighteen were added to the church on confession. In 1861 meetings were held at Percival, attended with a good degree of interest, and which resulted in the organization of the present Congregational church there.

During the war of the rebellion attention was very much diverted from matters of religion. The public mind was absorbingly eager to get the latest news from the seat of war. The news of the stampede of Bull Run came late in the week and furnished a theme for sermons and conversation on the following Sunday. True patriots were very much cast down, while rebels secretly, and some openly, rejoiced. Men grouped together at the street corners and gathered about the hotels and postoffices and bulletin boards, pouring over the latest despatches and eagerly attempting to pry into the future. So many had gone at the call of their country that a burden rested on the remnant in order to keep home business moving.

About January 1, 1868, the parson aided Brother J. H. Morley, of Magnolia, in a few days' meetings. Brother H. S. DeForest, during his ministry at Council Bluffs, conducted a series of religious meetings in Tabor twice, with good results. Father Orson Parker, a veteran evangelist, labored with us in 1870 with much success. Elder Balcom, of the Baptist denomination, and Brother Lang, of the Methodist Episcopal church, also conducted evangelistic meetings successfully among us. Efforts of this kind for the past fifteen years have been too numerous to mention in detail.

TEMPERANCE

Forty years ago as has been before said, all the people in this region of country were accustomed to use intoxicants as a beverage. Liquor was freely used at the polls on election day. The several candidates furnished it for their friends, and it was not uncommon to see men drunk, fighting drunk and noisy, before the polls closed. Here and there at the boat landings along the river, whisky was kept for sale, and the imbibers thereof were wont to frequent these places for social merrymaking. Broils and fights, and reckless smash-ups, were not uncommon. Whisky used to be termed a good creature of God, but time has shown the fallacy of such a statement. For if Satan has any one tool more pliant, skilful, Satanic, and more destructive of all good than any or all others, it is Alcohol. It blunts conscience, and prompts to the commission of crime; it beats mothers and beggars families; it ruins character and destroys souls; it poisons the body and crazes the mind; it drags down the talented and noble and plunges them into the ditch. Murder, robbery, theft, adultery, anger, malice, blasphemy and the whole catalogue of crimes are incited and warmed into life by this fell destroyer. But much has been done to curtail this evil. It is made unchristian to use it, make it or sell it. It has disappeared from the public gaze. It finds no place in the most genteel families. Many hotels are run successfully without it. Elections are conducted quietly and honestly and honorably without it. In no case is it indispensable. In most it is decidedly hurtful. Temperance has made decided advances. Great changes have occurred for the better in the past fifty years. May we not hope that intemperance will yet be banished from the land?

CHAPTER XIV

INDIANS IN IOWA

THERE are no adults among us, and few children, who have not heard of Indians as dangerous creatures—a strange people to be greatly feared; but many children have never seen an Indian. Some years ago a Pawnee Indian boy named "Ralph" attended school here in Tabor. He dressed, and played, and talked, and studied, and recited his lessons just like other boys. The United States government removed the Pawnee tribe years ago to the Indian Territory, and Ralph went with the rest of them. Geo. B. Gaston and wife lived several years among the Pawnees in Nebraska, and became deeply interested in them, so that some of them visited in Tabor more than once. When we first came to Iowa, forty years ago, Indians lived just across the Missouri river from us, and when the river became frozen across in the winter they frequently came over on the ice. Some unprincipled white men, who kept whisky and drank of it themselves, would give it to the Indians, and sometimes they got drunk, and then it crazed them and made them dangerous, just as it does white men. Drunken Indians came to a house in California City in Mills county once, more than thirty years ago, when the men happened to be away from home, and the women shut the door against them. When they could not get in, one of them attempted to shoot in through the open chinks at the side of the door with his bow and arrow; but no sooner was the arrow-point inserted between the logs than Mrs. Cordelia Clark Martin, with great decision and prompt presence of mind, seized it and snatched it out of his hand. Mrs. Cordelia C. Hinton probably retains that arrow to this day as a souvenir of the perils of the past. Baffled in their endeavor to enter that house, they went to other houses, and made themselves so disagreeable generally that some of the party were killed before they recrossed the river into Nebraska. So Alcohol proves to be the apt tool of Satan for the destruction of mankind, whether he be white, or red, black, brown, or yellow.

Many still live in Fremont county to whom the Indian trails or paths, that wound over the hills and through the vales, from grove to grove and from stream to stream, were as familiar, if not as numerous, as are the roads that accommodate the traveling public now. Indeed their camp fires were still burning when some among us first came to Fremont county. The forks and poles which formed the frames of their dwellings, and the bark which covered them, reminded us often of the singular race that had so recently disappeared. No history, then, of the county would be complete without some account of the native tribes which preceded the white man on this soil.

A feeling of sadness involuntarily steals over us as we contemplate the waning glory of the nations that once with elastic step, proud mien and brave hearts chased over these beautiful prairies herds of innumerable buffaloes, stealthily pursued the bounding deer and graceful antelope, or more leisurely fished in the rivers, streams and lakes, or waylaid the numberless birds of passage that vibrated between their summer and winter homes—nations that displayed their military prowess in sanguinary tribal conflicts on the field of battle. Strong nations have dwindled to insignificant bands in their retreat before the influx of the Anglo-Saxon race, until they may fittingly adopt the poet's sad strain:

"They waste us! Aye, like April snow
In the warm noon we shrink away;
And fast they follow as we go
Toward the setting day."

The aboriginal tribes of America are so related to each other that a proper idea of one tribe can no more be given without referring to other tribes than can the geology of Fremont county be given without referring to the region around it. Indeed, the very existence of Indians on this continent presents a problem not easy to solve. Its difficulty appears in the variety of answers which have been given. Since the human family was created and cradled in the interior of Asia, the aborigines of America must have reached the western continent in the same way that the islands of the Pacific were reached—that is, by some kind of ocean craft. Indians lined the Atlantic coast from Maine to Georgia when the Pilgrims anchored the Mayflower in Plymouth bay. Four great families of tribes, according to the languages spoken, were then found in the country—the Iroquois, the Algonquin, the Mobilian and the Dakotas. While there were some exceptions, the mass of the Indians would naturally range under one or other of these families. Their manners, customs, policy and regulations were such, that alliances and confederations at some times seemed almost to blend in one the different tribes; and again hostilities would break out and not only separate confederacies into the original tribes, but often would divide tribes into bands or clans which, in some instances, seem to have grown into distinct tribes.

The westward march of European emigration and the exploration of new regions of country have brought to light new tribes of Indians, until the Indian commissioner's report for 1874 mentions one hundred and fifty or more different tribes and bands within the United States, numbering in all, excluding those of Alaska, 261,851 as reported by the secretary of the interior in 1882.

The Indian tribes seem to have acted over in America, on a small scale, the incursions, invasions, conflicts and changes which were produced in Europe by the Vandals, the Huns, the Heruli, the Goths and Gauls, and other nations in their irruptions and migrations.

The tribes that have roamed and hunted and fought over the fair fields of Iowa are the Sioux, Winnebagoes, Iowas, Illinois, Sacs and Foxes, and Pottawattamies.

The Sioux or Dakotas, numbering 53,000, are the most numerous and powerful tribe of Indians within the United States and have long been the terror of all the savage hordes, from Spirit Lake to the mouth of the Mississippi. They shared with the Illinois, and afterward with the Sacs and Foxes, the lovely lands of Iowa as their hunting grounds. They are a very warlike nation and have been the long-time mortal enemies of the Ojibways, Sacs and Foxes, and Pawnees. Sitting Bull and Spotted Tail, who fought for their rights and homes in the Black Hills, are prominent chiefs in this nation.

The Winnebagoes were found by Captain Jonathan Carver in 1766, located around Winnebago lake in Wisconsin. They were warm friends of the Sioux, not a numerous tribe, and could then raise two hundred warriors. From their traditions, language and customs he judged "that the Winnebagoes originally resided in New Mexico and, being driven from their native country either by intestine divisions or by the extension of the Spanish conquests, they took refuge in these more northern parts, about a century before." This tribe seems to have affiliated with the Iowas, and Sacs and Foxes, and part of it found its way with them into Iowa. From the commissioner's report of 1882 we learn that the Winnebagoes on their reservation in eastern Nebraska, adjoining the Omaha reservation on the north, number 1,422, which are all of the tribe, except about 400 vagabonds, who have returned to Wisconsin, and a few who have joined the Sacs and Foxes in Tama county, Iowa.

The Iowas, from whom our state takes its name, were at one time identified with the Sacs of Rock river, but for some reason separated from them and assumed to be a band by themselves. For a time the Iowas occupied the same hunting grounds with the Sacs and Foxes, and seem to have come with them into Iowa. In the beginning of the present century they had two villages in the state, one on the right bank of the Iowa river, about ten miles above its confluence with the Mississippi, and the other, which was their principal village, on the

Des Moines river on the site of Iowaville in Van Buren county. Here the last great battle was fought between the Iowas and the Sacs and Foxes, in which the latter were the assailants. The Iowas were taken altogether by surprise and unarmed. The attack resulted in the burning and complete destruction of the village and slaughter of great numbers of the Iowas, men, women and children. In this fight, which was more of a massacre than a battle, Black Hawk, then a young man, led a detachment of the aggressors.

In 1881 this tribe, numbering one hundred and thirty, is reported as occupying sixteen thousand acres of a reservation in southeastern Nebraska, known as the Great Nemaha Reservation, which is shared by them and the Sacs and Foxes. Though greatly reduced in numbers, they are said to be making commendable progress in husbandry, learning and civilization. They have adopted a code of laws, employ a tribal police, and fine every man who gets drunk five dollars. Sixty-three of the Sacs and Foxes of Missouri share the civil regulations and educational advantages with them. They are industrious, thrifty and provident.

At a grand council, held at the great Ojibway village on the shores of Lake Superior in 1665, we learned that the Illionis tribe was represented. This tribe, from which the river and state took their name, was at one time numerous and powerful. Their hunting ground extended from Rock river to the Ohio, and westward to the Des Moines. Marquette and Joliet, French explorers, and the first Europeans that ever set foot in Iowa, in June, 1673, visited three Illinois villages on the bank of a river, supposed to be the Des Moines. They were cordially received, smoked the calumet with their new found friends, and remained with them six days perfecting their acquaintance.

Though the Illinois were at one time a formidable nation, and roamed over ample hunting grounds, pursuing the buffalo and the deer on the vast plains, fishing in the majestic rivers, or gliding over the lakes and streams in their light canoes, yet their pride, cruelty and vengeful spirit transformed friends to foes, and produced a harvest like the sowing of the fabled dragon's teeth, so that enemies beset them round. When the Sacs and Foxes crowded them on the north, the Miamis on the east, Osages and Shawnees on the south and Sioux on the west, they became straitened and cut off on every side. They had a populous village of 6,000 or 7,000 inhabitants on the Illinois river, near the present town of Utica, in La Salle county, where Joliet and Marquette found friendly entertainment on their return from the lower Mississippi in 1673. Tonti, the lieutenant of LaSalle, spent the winter of 1679 and '80, and the following summer, at this large Illinois town.

In September of this year (1680) a bloody battle was fought between the Iroquois and Illinois, on the prairie skirting the timber along the Vermilion river southeast of this village. The Iroquois were victors, and, after the fight, crossed the river and laid the Illinois town in ashes. Soon after, Tonti, being deserted by his men, and attacked by the Indians, took refuge among the Pottawattamies on Lake Michigan. Two years later he, with LaSalle, returned and fortified an almost inaccessible rock on the south bank of the river opposite the site of this village, and named it Fort St. Louis. This place, which Tonti held till 1688, is now known as "Starved Rock;" it rises perpendicularly from the water on the river side to the height of two hundred feet, is level on the top, and can be scaled only on the land side, and at a single point, which is easily defended. It acquired its name and notoriety from the following incident: The Illinois tribe, beset with enemies on every side, wasted by predatory incursions, and slaughtered in sanguinary strife, had become reduced to a mere remnant of its former greatness. The death of the great chieftain, leader and favorite, Pontiac, at Cahokia in 1769, by the hand of an Illinois assassin, caused the long gathering cloud of Indian wrath to burst in fury on that devoted nation. Seven cities claimed the nativity of Homer; more than one tribe claimed Pontiac. Parkman writes him an Ottawa chief, Carver a Miami, and others a Sac. His was an eventful life. Born in 1712—as an ally of the French, he defended Detroit in 1746—led several hundred Ottawas at Braddock's defeat in 1755—escorted the English to Detroit in 1760—conspired against the English settlers in America in 1762—besieged Detroit for five months in 1763—submitted to the English in 1766, and was killed in 1769.

The "Conspiracy of Pontiac" is the theme of an interesting volume by Parkman. He was a chief of broad views, great courage and daring, and very extensive influence. He never liked the English, and conceived the idea of destroying all the English on the continent. To accomplish this fondly cherished object he succeeded in enlisting nearly all the prominent tribes in the eastern half of the North American continent. He was artful in diplomacy, skilled in treachery, and cunning, energetic and brave in battle. To effect his object, a simultaneous attack was made on all the frontier settlements from the lakes to the gulf. Many were slain, and more were compelled to flee for their lives. Whole families were massacred, houses burned and happy homes laid waste. No one felt safe to go abroad, and many trembled in their homes. Every one who could went armed. The minister, and all the men of his congregation, went to church armed on Sunday. The pastor stood his loaded rifle behind him when he preached, and families took their places in the pews, while the head of the household sat next the aisle with his ready rifle in easy reach to defend his own. (Thus began the custom of the husband taking the head of the pew, which continues to this day.)

During this time of terror, the following tragic scene occurred on the farm adjoining the writer's native place, as heard by him repeatedly later. A large family of several grown boys and some small children occupied the place. It was in the autumn —wheat sowing time. Two boys with rifles in hand were standing on guard. The father was sowing, and two others with teams were harrowing; when, before they had any knowledge of the presence of Indians, the two on guard were shot down. The others fled—one of the sons hastened to the house, hid the small children, hastily adjusted affairs within, and then ran to the woods and climbed a tree, where he could overlook the proceedings, and while there he saw the Indians pursue, overtake, tomahawk and scalp his father at the door-yard gate. Though the Indians entered the house, the hidden ones were not found. When the survivors of that family gathered again around the home hearth, how lonely! how sad!

A stone house with port holes, which the writer has often seen, was the refuge for that neighborhood in a time of Indian alarm. Such a time of peril must be exceedingly trying; but such our ancestors endured, and fearful times were had all along the western frontiers.

A destructive war was waged by the Miamis, Kickapoos and Pottawattamies, against the Illinois in 1768. The latter were defeated at the Wabash—at Blue Island near Joliet, and at Morris. The remnant took refuge on this inaccessible rock—henceforth to be known as "Starved Rock." Here their enemies besieged them until hunger and thirst impelled them, as a last resort, to attempt an escape. On a very dark and stormy night, they broke forth upon their besiegers, when eleven of their number succeeded in escaping down the river. Thus ended a once brave and strong nation. Their name appears no more on the Indian commissioner's report. The tribe of Benjamin is blotted out. Their enemies have glutted their revenge. They vanish before the advancing march of white men.

The Sacs and Foxes, whose hunting grounds in Iowa, in the eighteenth century, extended from the Mississippi to the Missouri, were first heard of in the valley of the St. Lawrence. The confederated Iroquois, or five nations, in New York—the Senecas, Cayugas, Oneidas, Onondagas and Mohawks—to which were afterwards added the Tuscaroras (when they were known as six nations) had become so formidable, aggressive and hostile to neighboring tribes, that many were driven from their ancestral homes, preferring exile to constant fear and impending destruction. The Sacs and Foxes were originally two distinct nations, and were crowded westward by the encroachment of their stronger neighbors. The various steps, by which they reached the plains of Iowa, we are not able clearly to trace, but we hear of the Foxes occupying the banks of the Detroit river in 1685. The Sacs were party to a grand council on the shores of Lake Superior in 1665. Friendly to the English and hostile to the French, and instigated by the "six nations," the Foxes attempted to capture the French post at Detroit in 1712. For nineteen days the siege was maintained without success, when they in turn were shut up in their entrenchments by the French and their Indian allies, from which they escaped to Lake St. Clair, where they again entrenched themselves; but were pursued, and after five days' siege were compelled to surrender. The victors massacred all the warriors who bore arms, and many of the rest, whom they attempted in vain to enslave, they afterward put to death. More than a thousand of the Foxes perished in this strife. Exasperated, but not subdued, they rallied their scattered bands on the Fox river in Wisconsin, to take vengeance on the French, by waylaying, robbing and murdering the French traders and travelers in their passage between the lakes and the Mississippi. For a year or two they cut off almost all communication between Canada and Louisiana. Many of the Indian allies of the French also suffered greatly.

This aroused the French in turn, in 1714, to rally their forces and exterminate once and forever so troublesome a foe. The plan, which was to unite all the other tribes under a French commander, soon placed at his behest a force of eight hundred warriors, all pledged not to lay down their arms while a member of the Fox tribe remained on French territory. When the Foxes saw the impending evil, they resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and, in their desperation, selected a strong position near the confluence of the Wolf and Fox rivers (now known as Butte des Morts, or Hill of the Dead), which they fortified with three rows of oak palisades and a ditch. Here five hundred warriors and three thousand women and children awaited the attack. De Louvigny, the French commander, commenced by cannonading. On the third day the Foxes attacked their enemies with great vigor, but, after a bloody fight, were obliged to capitulate. A treaty of peace was agreed upon, which the Foxes soon violated. The result was that the French again chastised them in 1728, and in 1746 drove them out of their country westward. In their expulsion the Ojibways were the efficient allies of the French.

When first known in Iowa the Foxes were in alliance with the Sacs, and were recognized as the Sac and Fox nations. Exactly when the alliance was formed is not known, but it must have been subsequent to 1746, as at that time the Foxes fought the French alone. It seems probable that the alliance was formed for the conquest of their new hunting grounds west of the Mississippi. Captain Carver, in his travels in 1766, page 25, when speaking of Fox river, says: "This river is remarkable for having been, about eighty years ago, the residence of the united bands of the Ottagaumies (Foxes) and the Saukies (Sacs)."

When, in 1805, soon after the transfer of the Louisiana purchase to the United States, Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike explored the Mississippi from St. Louis to its source, the Sacs and Foxes hunted on both sides of the river from the Jeffreon river in Missouri to the Iowa river north of Prairie du Chien and west to the Missouri. The Sacs principally resided in four villages—the first on the west bank of the Mississippi at the head of the Des Moines rapids, at or near Montrose; the second on the east bank, sixty miles above, at the mouth of the Henderson river; the third on Rock river, three miles from its mouth; the fourth on the Iowa river.

The Foxes then dwelt mainly in three villages—

the first on the west side of the Mississippi river, six miles above the Rock river rapids; the second about twelve miles in the rear of the lead mines, or Dubuque; and the third on Turkey river, a mile and a half from its mouth.

Both Sacs and Foxes engaged in the same wars, maintained the same alliances, and were considered indissoluble in war and in peace. They were efficient aiders and abettors, if not chief parties, in the extermination of the Illinois. They became hostile to the Iowas, whose chief village, on the site of Iowaville on the Des Moines in Van Buren county, they burnt, near the close of the eighteenth century, and slaughtered and well nigh exterminated its inhabitants. In this battle Black Hawk, who was born at the Sac village on Rock river in 1767, led a band of warriors in the attack, and here began the career for which he afterward became so famous.

Black Hawk was never warmly attached to the Americans. He was dissatisfied when, in 1804, Louisiana was transferred to the United States, and never approved of the treaty made at St. Louis, November 3, 1824, by which five chiefs of the Sacs and Foxes ceded to the United States their lands east of the Mississippi, from a point opposite the Jeffreon river in Missouri, to the Wisconsin river. He objected that the chiefs had no authority to cede the lands, that the compensation was inadequate, and that the chiefs were kept drunk while at St. Louis. Black Hawk aided Tecumseh against the United States in 1811, became an ally of England in the war of 1812. On May 13, 1816, with twenty-two chiefs and head men he assented to, and signed, the treaty which had been concluded in St. Louis in 1804. In the fall of 1830, on returning from his hunt west of the Mississippi, he found his village occupied by Americans, and his women and children driven out and rendered shelterless by the influx of emigration. This state of things was intolerable, and led to the Black Hawk war, which continued for more than a year and ended in the capture of Black Hawk and the complete rout and slaughter of his forces on August 2, 1832. Seven weeks after his capture, the Sacs and Foxes ceded by treaty to the United States the Black Hawk purchase, a tract fifty miles wide on the west bank of the Mississippi; a reservation of four hundred square miles on the Iowa river made at that time, was ceded back to the United States, September 28, 1836. On October 21, 1837, one million two hundred and fifty thousand acres along the west side of the Black Hawk purchase were ceded. February 21, 1838, all their lands in Iowa, between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, were ceded, and in 1842 all their lands west of the Mississippi.

Part of them were removed to Kansas in the fall of 1845 and the rest in the spring after.

According to the estimate of the secretary of war in 1825 the entire number of the Sacs and Foxes was four thousand six hundred. The government report for 1881-2 states the number of Sacs and Foxes under the care of the agency in the Indian Territory to be five hundred and sixty-two, those on the reserve in Tama county, Iowa, three hundred and fifty-five, and under the care of the great Nemaha agency sixty-three, making a total of nine hundred and eighty. How rapidly they are wasting away!

The Pottawattamies were the last of the red men that lived in Fremont county. This tribe, never very powerful or very prominent among the American aborigines, is yet mentioned by the French as gathering from the unexplored recesses of Lake Michigan to learn of Christianity from the Jesuit missionaries early in the seventeenth century (1665-7). Marquette speaks of them at Fox river, Wisconsin, in 1673. Tonti found refuge among them on Lake Michigan in 1680. When, in 1712, the Foxes attempted the capture of the French post at Detroit, the Pottawattamies, with Ottawas and Hurons, were in alliance with the French. They, with the Ojibways and Ottawas, formed a confederacy, of which Pontiac was the virtual head. They entered warmly into the Indian conspiracy against the English in 1763, and took an active part in the siege of Detroit in the summer of that year. We find them leagued with the Kickapoos and Miamis against the Illinois in 1768. As the wave of emigration rolled westward, the Pottawattamies with other small tribes were borne on its crest. They probably came into Iowa with their former allies, the Sacs and Foxes. We find them with this tribe and others parties to a treaty formed August 19, 1825, by which the United States was to establish a boundary line between the Sacs and Foxes and the Sioux.

The Pottawattamies were still in Fremont county when the first white settlers came. Shattee, a venerable, hoary-headed chief, with his band of one hundred and fifty or more, had a village in a hollow southwest of Lacy's, and about due west from Sidney. Wabonsa's band lived on Wabonsie creek, in Mills county. Government block houses had been erected on the high ground near the descent of the bluffs southeast of James Lambert's residence on the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section fourteen, township seventy-one, range forty-three, but were moved at some time prior to 1847 to section twenty-four, township seventy-one, range forty-three, near the residence of John Lambert. The house of Wabonsa, the chief, was bought by a Mr. Cumings. A rude coffin of rough boards rested on the limbs of a tree just across the creek from this log house for a number of years after the whites had taken possession. It was fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, was said to contain an Indian corpse and thus showed the Indian method of disposing of the dead. The treaty by which the Indians were removed was made in the spring of 1847, and permitted them to remain a year, but some of them went to Kansas in the autumn of the same year and some went to the three river country, the forks of the Des Moines, to winter.

About 1876, one thousand four hundred of this tribe became citizens in Kansas and received their land in fee. In 1880 there were four hundred and thirty on a reservation in Kansas and three hundred in the Indian Territory. They are reported to be very desirous to have their children educated and adopt civilized manners. Unless they can be Christianized and civilized they must perish as a race.

[FINIS.]

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